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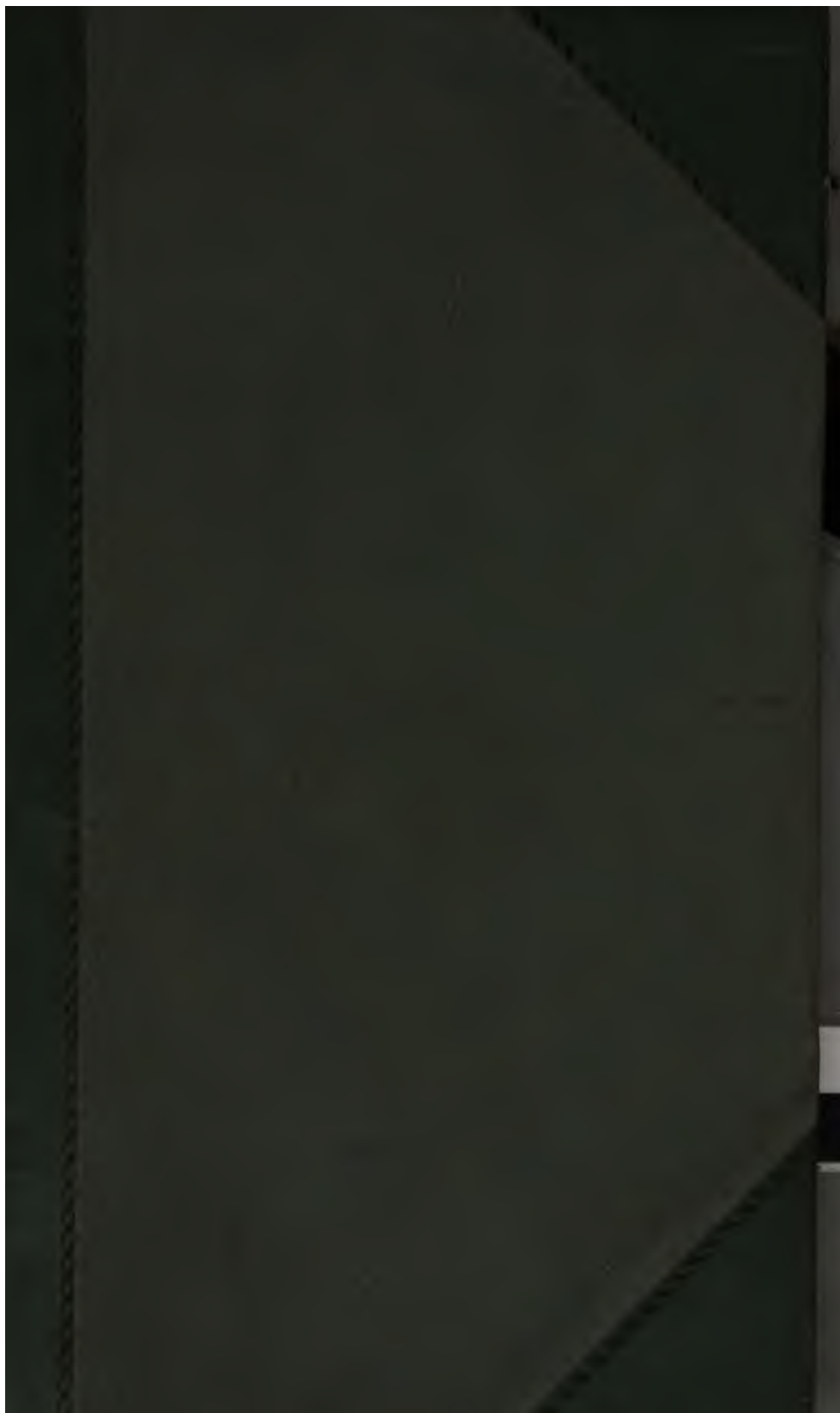
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*J. H. 1832.*  
**THE SONG OF ALBION,**

**A POEM**

**COMMEMORATIVE OF THE CRISIS;**

**LINES ON THE FALL OF WARSAW;**

**AND**

**OTHER POEMS;**

**BY**

**HENRY SEWELL STOKES.**



---

**THE MULTITUDE OF THE WISE IS THE WELFARE OF THE WORLD:  
AND A WISE KING IS THE UPHOLDING OF THE PEOPLE.  
WISDOM OF SOLOMON.**

---

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TO  
THE ILLUSTRIOUS  
KING AND MINISTRY,

WHOSE GRAND PATRIOTIC ENDEAVORS IT IS THE AIM  
OF THE FOLLOWING POEM TO CELEBRATE,

THE SAME

IS,

WITH THE PROFOUNDTEST HUMILITY,

DEDICATED.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

PERHAPS it may be thought presumption in one, if not "to Fame unknown," of a petty notoriety that an individual might well wish to be rid of,—to attempt to commemorate the grand political crisis of our day and country: would that it were permitted an author to plead the nature of his motive; to say vulgarly—take the will for the deed. But in the world of taste, things well done, whatever the intention, will be praised: things ill done, will find no palliation in design. O that it had been for one of those, of late years wont to celebrate our grand historic epochs, to have undertaken, as he would have successfully accomplished, the present theme! But they who sang of war and of peace, are dumb to the struggles of patriotism; their harps are on the willows, and the strain of other days is heard no more.

Glorious Era! Can there be two opinions at this time—two sincere opposite opinions? The few are judging against the many,—the few even more insignificant in

character than in number, however formidable in power: indeed, so small is the exception, and so much more inconsiderable the number of the honest in that exception, that there almost seems to be but *one* opinion—that it is a Glorious Era. Prophets of evil are abroad—but are they not false prophets? Their loud denunciations excite our suspicion; we look for wolves in sheep's clothing. Revolution—Revolution! is the cry, when amendment is dreaded; the world will be undone, when the corrupt are hindered their vile practices.

“ Ask men's opinions :—Scoto now shall tell  
How trade increases, and the world goes well.  
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,  
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.”

Yes; while men may buy and sell the rights of men, it is all liberty; while they may enjoy the fruits of their tyrannous iniquity, the bark of the state speeds well, though in the very gulf of destruction.

There is a degree of respectability in a prejudice sanctioned by the concurrent suffrages of many, and by the lapse of time. The rude outlines of primitive architecture, devoid of fitness and proportion, when gray with age, become invested with a dignity, which not to own, is to be tasteless and obtuse. Even so of notions which,

however crude and mistaken, have long endured amid the fluctuations of thought. The old man may utter what may seem puerilities to his children; but his maxims are not to be treated with youthful levity and disrespect: if calm discussion avail not to convince him of his misjudgment, he must not be laughed at for a fool, but rather borne with for his infirmity.

There is a prejudice with the specious appearance of respectability, but wanting all the intrinsic characteristics;—a malicious prejudice, based on sinister interest, inwoven into the chords of the heart with the love of filthy lucre, while it is impressed upon the understanding by the seal of folly. This it is not very difficult to detect; its distinguishing features soon appear: the mistaken good man is all candor—the blundering bad man all subtlety and fraud.

The two kinds of prejudice instanced—that of the honest, and that of the designing,—have been just now but too remarkable, and, shame to tell, the latter the more so; though, happily, either to be noticed by reason of its comparative rarity. Leaving those who deprecate innovation less because of narrow views of expediency than of culpable desires, to the indignation to which their own devices must at length expose them; let us rejoice to

think, that the sincere, doubtful, timorous, will soon be convinced by the integrity of the wise, of the truth of the cause which they uphold.

Who that has studied the history of the world, knows not that political institutions have, for the most part, originated in fraud or force? Does Britain form an exception? Is the Constitution so much vaunted the child of convention—the first-born, only-begotten of political harmony? Our charters, how came they? Take an example, if not the strongest, immediately in point.

Cities growing populous and rich, became impatient of the Feudal yoke, and asserted municipal rights; and sovereigns, to appease their bold importunity, and further to check the more potent feudatories—or, being indigent, for pecuniary considerations—granted them *charters of community*, whereby they became free, though subordinate corporations. The barons, to replenish their revenues, exhausted in their mad religious adventures, adopted the expedient of selling like immunities to the large towns within their dependencies. Italy set the example of this innovation,—the first to begin, but alas! the latest to perfect the work of liberty. Now, at length, the people had a political reality; the fears and exigencies of their oppressors, their enfranchisement. The iron tyranny

imposed on England by William the Conqueror—than which a more arbitrary never afflicted subjugated state—which could not even be outdone by the great living despot, whose enormities are now the subject of a world's indignation, and will be the abhorrence of all posterity,—this accursed yoke henceforth began to loosen: the establishment of communities was the death-blow of Feudalism: “Towns, upon acquiring the rights of community, became so many little republics, governed by known and equal laws;”<sup>\*</sup>—laws of common consent,—the ruling body of their own appointment. These were the originals of those foul degeneracies, significantly called “Rotten Boroughs”—once the bulwarks of honesty, now the holds of corruption; once the salvation of the land, now public nuisances: innovations accomplished by the force of right and happy accident, but which, forsooth, must prevail against the same force of right—must withstand the unfolding exigencies of the state; must be perpetuated, whatever their present condition, for the sake of what they once were!

Is the Constitution of England so ancient a thing? Where was it under the first Normans? In the clouds,

---

<sup>\*</sup> Robertson.



in abeyance. Where under Henry the Eighth? In the hug of a tyrant. Where in the days of Charles the First? In the hands of anarchy and murder. Where at the abdication of James? In the safe-keeping of the people. Then what is it—a settled form, a precious parchment of ordinances and regulations, a musty record of conventions! Nay, it is no other than Liberty—precious Liberty; expatriated, trampled on, wounded, recovered—for ever recovered.—So saith the devoted admirer of the Constitution. I would rather say, that the free government of Britain is the child of yesterday—is the creature, long in parturition, of disorder. The liberties of Englishmen are the result of many accidents, many conflicting causes; of self-destroying tyrannies and patriotic struggles; the tardy constrained acknowledgment of rights as old as man, though developed in the course of time. Like the individual, the community has to be educated by severe discipline, by many trials, many grievances, out of the weakness, folly, and passions of infancy, into the vigor, wisdom, and harmony of maturity: indeed, still like the individual, it grows up extravagant in error, and has to unteach itself, to cast away its early prejudices, to fling to the winds the maxims of ages.

The noble pile, as it is termed, for which the romantic demand such veneration, is not a relic of ancient times, but an edifice that has been long in rearing; from time to time increasing in grandeur, but from time to time altering in form and almost character, and even occasionally being almost levelled with the dust: as it were, the hut of the savage, conformed and amplified at length, into a mighty building, tasteful and convenient; but far as yet from being unsusceptible of amendment, of beneficial alteration: even like Rome of old, out of a wretched hamlet swelling into the Queen of Empire; though not, let us hope, in like manner to become, at length, the hold of crime, the nest of corruption.

---

In tendering my slight tribute of veneration to the illustrious persons to whom the following poem is dedicated, it behoves me to remember with gratitude those gracious individuals, but for whose assistance and encouragement the offering had never thus been made. The condescending kindness of one in particular—a man ennobled by pre-eminence of mind—it will be my joy and my pride ever to cherish in memory, and my earliest duty

distinctly to avow, should his auspices on this occasion receive the public sanction. The difficulty of the first steps in authorship is the subject often of passive regret, but seldom of active sympathy. It is, then, with a deep sense of especial obligation that I acknowledge the goodness of my friends.

To the public I deliver this volume, fearful that its form will displease many who may agree with its principles. Whatever be its literary merits or demerits, I must claim a degree of sincerity not generally accorded to certain efforts of a like nature, though in point of style blameless. Confident in the integrity of my heart, I rely upon critical justice.

*London, Sept. 30, 1831.*

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# **THE SONG OF ALBION.**



# THE SONG OF ALBION.

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## PART FIRST.

---

**AWAKE, ecstatic Lyre!**

**Sound the loud chord of glory!**

**O for one spark of that quick fire,**

**Which did the poet's soul inspire**

**Ere Time grew hoary!**

**O for that rapture-waking tongue**

**Which at Olympia wildly sung—**

**That thrilling touch to harp that strung**

**The victor-story!**

Yet rather, if the verse should chime  
In thought and number, then *my* rhyme  
Should breathe and burn more ardently—  
**As** is my theme far more sublime  
Than toned that lofty symphony,—  
Fleet race, and conflict gory.

Britannia, smiling, from her waves—  
Her children's strength, her foemen's graves—  
Behold majestic spring,  
To twine her WILLIAM'S brows around  
A brighter wreath than ever crown'd  
The temples of a king!  
Huzza!—huzza!—huzza!  
Hark! the Island freemen shout;  
And see, Corruption's stormy rout  
Are startled with dismay.  
Huzza!—huzza! the seamen cry,  
Our bark is strong, our hopes beat high,  
Our royal Captain's brave;

Now safely, proudly, gallantly,  
Shall we hold on to victory,  
O'er Time's tumultuous wave.

There came a cloud on Albion's sky,  
The sea-fowl shriek'd, the hollow sigh  
Of winds uneasy in their rest,  
And the deep swell of Ocean's breast,  
Bespoke a fearful crisis nigh.  
There was a murmur in the Isles,  
Dark omens thrill'd the land,  
The Sun almost withdrew his smiles,  
And Horror shook her brand;  
Our Fathers' halls look'd dim and gray,  
As if in Ruin's twilight ray;  
And some there were did boldly say,  
That the Queen-Isle had seen her day.  
Corruption's huge Titanian form,  
Its feet of sparkling sand, its head in storm,  
Strode grimly through the state;

Some trembling flung them in the golden dust,  
And sought with shame their terror to abate ;  
While some but only cared to feed their lust—  
Devot'd of fear, and proof to all disgust.

It was indeed a solemn hour !  
We heard the distant thunder roll—  
It shook old Albion's rocky tower,  
And first struck panic to the soul  
Of British hardihood :  
Fell Revolution on her sable wing  
Was seen afar to brood ;  
And demon choirs were heard to sing,  
High in the lurid air,  
The awful-pealing anthem of despair.  
The Eastern vulture shook her plumes,  
Exulting o'er the hecatombs  
Of freemen to be slain ;  
And starting on the Iberian plain,

The wolf, with a prophetic yell,  
Seem'd in the breeze his prey to smell.

The owl, from her grand bower  
Amid the Seven Hills—Ruin's dismal bird—  
Waking with many an ominous hoot was heard,  
As other night of Empire 'gan to lower. (1)

The Lusitanian savage bay'd,  
As if exulting, yet afraid;  
And from Hercynia's deep and dark repose  
A simultaneous roar of jubilee arose.

'Tis past—and lo! the blazing car  
Of Freedom down the hills afar,  
Like morning light, comes rolling on!  
Rejoice!—a triumph!—quick uprear the arch,  
Our hearts and hands in grateful unison.

Behold the pomp, the glorious march!  
He comes with his illustrious train,  
The Monarch of the raging main—  
The People's Champion-King draws nigh:—



He comes, he comes!—

Not to the sound of trumpets and of drums,

But patriot hymns symphonious fill the sky:

He hath no martial panoply,

Yet mail'd as a king should only be;

Armor of patriotism sun-bright,

This is the very steel of might;

Before its pure irradiate glow

Trembles and blushes stoutest foe;

Invulnerable he who wears,

And impotent the wretch that dares;

More valid than Achilles' charm,

While strong to save, its brilliance will disarm.

What miscreants follow at the Conqueror's heels—

Outcasts of fame!

Ha! would ye rush 'neath Freedom's chariot-wheels,

To end your shame?

No! the bondage firm remains:

Live—live, and struggle in your chains—

Yea, live to be despised;  
Live to hear the patriot chant,  
Live to feel the people's taunt,  
To learn how tyranny is spurn'd—  
How soon like tower of straw o'erturn'd,  
When liberty is prized!  
Presumptuous fools! and thought ye then,  
As upon worms, to tread on men,  
As things that would not rise agen—  
To grind us to the dust?  
Tyrants in vain their stature trust;  
The felon foot of giant Power  
Can but keep under for an hour;  
The elastic soul, like deathless flower,  
Aye through the rock its vigorous germs will thrust.

Oh Britain! wondrous is thy story  
Of wrong and sorrow, and of glory,  
From the far days of Eld:

Oft in the caves of Memory  
The hideous sons of Tyranny  
Have I in awe beheld;  
I see their vast unnatural forms  
Terrible as embodied storms.  
Forth ride the monsters on the wind,  
A heaven before, a hell behind,  
Nature their footstool, and despair their throne:  
I hear the echo of my country's groan.  
Sudden from Slavery's horrid grave,  
Then, lo! the sons of Ocean rise;  
Impetuous as the island wave,  
They rush, unconquerably brave  
In noble enterprize.  
Oh Albion! thy heroic tale  
To wake the patriot's glow can never fail;  
To bard 'tis like an inspiration breathed:  
I feel it—yes, 'tis in my soul—  
Roll on, my thunder-lyric, roll,  
With lightning-fancies wreathed!

—On the white cliff what savage band  
Of painted furies wave their arms !  
The Ocean-daughters, wildly screaming ;  
And hoary Druids, dark and grand,  
Their sacred torches dimly gleaming,  
High on the rock mysterious stand,

And shout their dire alarms.

A thousand barks swift o'er the waters dash—  
The men of steel!—see, they like sun-gods flash !

They come—the lords of tyranny !—  
The Roman Eagle from the sea  
In snowy wreath of glory flutters ;  
'Twould soar—but its broad pinions dip  
Into the wave, whose every lip

An execration mutters.

But soon its wing triumphant urges  
On through the angry island surges ;  
The sea-birds scream, and loud and shrill

The frantic Britons cry :

Away, away, its pinions sweep  
Over the bluff and beetling steep ;  
They swiftly cleave the showery sky,  
And rest at length upon the inland hill.—  
The fierce barbarian to the yoke  
Of Romans arms and Roman art  
Submits, and learns to love the stroke  
That, while it wounded, heal'd the smart;  
And Britain, Ocean's stormy bride,  
Is made to swell the pomp of Latin pride.

No more the Parent-Empire's wing  
Protecting hovers o'er the world ;  
Successive clouds their vengeance fling,  
Heaven's bolts in fiery hail-storm hurl'd  
Upon the seven-hill'd Capital:  
It is the noon of Uproar's festival.  
Britain, enervate, dreads a foe,  
And would upon her victor cast

Her timid helplessness—for, lo!  
O'er rock and rampart bounding past,  
The Caledonian grim and brave,  
No enemy for gentle slave!—  
Ye ask in vain, soft Islanders!

Rome trembles on her hills;  
Beset by martial wanderers,  
While feller foe within assails,  
Her every nerve of empire thrills,  
Her cheek of conquest pales,  
Her heart of courage chills.

Hie to the chieftains of the wood!  
The German's native hardihood  
Is, like your sea, untamed;  
The rugged bulwarks of their power  
May still prolong your silken hour,  
Their lust by bribes inflamed!

Ah, sons of dalliance! fatal scheme!  
Hosts upon hosts the Saxons teem

From the dark Northern den :  
Ye sought to use them as a shield,  
But 'gainst yourselves their arms they wield :  
Red Carnage welters in the field ;  
And in the bosky glen  
Her harsh halloo and blood-hounds' bay  
Awake wild Echo with dismay.  
From cot and castle what deep wail !  
Rumor, with wandering locks and pale,  
On panic foot, whispers a dreadful tale  
Of British chiefs in banquet hall  
That did by sword of treason fall.  
O'er many a native noble's tomb  
Oblivion spreads her dusky pall  
Thick as the shades of night ;  
But Fancy, through the funeral gloom,  
Sees, in the offspring of her womb,  
A host of spirit-light.  
The Saxon wolf pervades the land,  
His every footstep mark'd with blood ;

The Britons fly, a dwindling band,  
Like deer in chase—nor find repose,  
Till where upon the Ocean-flood  
Cambria afar her mountain-shadow throws.

Yet was there many a Briton brave :—  
Through the dark pages of romance  
Truth glimmers like a starry glance.  
The tomb on marge of azure wave  
Of Vortimer memorial gave,  
Who did the Saxons thrice repel :  
Of Arthur and the Armoric knights  
The marvellous story Fame delights  
Through many an age to tell.  
Where bluff Tintagel, grim and hoar,  
Confronts the sky, and darkly lowers  
Upon the deep Atlantic tide,  
As though in thought on days of yore—  
Like scathed oak, its ruin'd towers  
Majestic in their fallen pride ;—



O, I have been in by-gone hours,  
With one (dear friend!) whose legend-lore  
So witch'd my soul to olden time,  
That, watching on that rock sublime,  
Methought I saw the Island King,  
Standing mid-air in bold relief;  
And here and there some Island chief  
High on the o'erhanging rampart spring—  
All gazing forth with anxious eye,  
As if a sail they might descry;  
Or peering down the ragged steep,  
Where might their barks at anchor sleep;  
Or glancing round the lofty strand  
That darkens wild Trebarwith-Sand,  
Or where, beneath the Gull-Rock grand,  
Some faithful ship might vigil keep. (\*)

Empires from strife and anarchy,  
    Outrage and crime, arise;

The chaos works to harmony,  
    Amid the roar of thunder-skies :  
Disorder, howling fierce and wild,  
At length brings forth a blooming child.  
So England rose, severe but slow,  
From horror and convulsive throes.  
The Saxon sword at length is sheathed,  
    The Danish pirate roams no more ;  
A spirit of repose is breathed  
    Around the Isle, from shore to shore.  
Edward had form'd his freeman's code,  
    When Alfred rose like morning star,  
And on the wings of glory rode  
    O'er anarch power, through every bar :  
On giant Ignorance he fell,  
    Who in his cavern darkly slept ;  
And Prejudice, like dog of hell,  
    O'er captive Thought (\*) stern guard that kept.  
In the illustrious Alfred's fame,  
How dim heroic Arthur's name !

**There Saxon crime and British shame**

**At once alike forgot:**

**No flash of fiction thy renown,**

**O King!—of golden truth thy crown,**

**A prize to be deliver'd down**

**Through ages, without spot!**

**But who, so dark, to Albion's coast,**

**Like ocean-storm, advances? (\*)**

**Ha! 'tis the Norman William's host—**

**The Robber-King! and round his bark**

**Methinks the rabid slaughter-shark**

**With glee terrific dances!**

**They land—and swift, at Harold's call,**

**From peaceful bower and banquet-hall,**

**Rude cot and busy town,**

**Or to repel or to be slain,**

**Our Saxon fathers rush amain**

**On the invaders down.**

Hard was the fight, and fierce, and long,  
'Twixt dauntless right and savage wrong—  
But, ah! the tyrant proved too strong,  
And Freedom's children fell!  
With ruffian shout the welkin rings,  
The spirits of the Island Kings  
Of old, upon their mystic wings,  
Speed with a sad farewell,  
To the wild mansion of the shrieking gull,  
Where the Cliff-demons howl o'er waves that never lull.

They bow, the scions of the oak!  
'Tis fix'd—the iron Feudal yoke  
Infolds the abject state;  
The surly bondsmen champ their chains,  
Like mettle dogs, yet but their pains  
Sorely to aggravate.  
England, the fertile, runs to waste,  
To please her despot hunter's taste:

Each mountain echo wakes at morn  
To the shrill-pealing bugle-horn—  
    The trump of tyranny ;  
At eve, far over hill and dale,  
The curfew's toll repeats the tale  
    Of a lost liberty. (5)  
Accursed be the Bastard's name,  
With each that bears a kindred fame—  
    Accursed robbers all !  
Shall feats of arms purge out the stain  
Of blood, which dyes the conqueror's gain,  
    Or ease a nation's thrall ?  
The blaze of chivalrous emprise  
\* Is like the lightning's flashes,  
Most glorious in the idiot's eyes,  
But terrible unto the wise—  
    It lays the world in ashes ! (6)  
To Sherwood now let fancy roam—  
    Haste to the shady greenwood tree,

Where Liberty hath bird-like home,  
Where Saxon still is gay and free.  
Brave Robin Hood! right honest heart  
And patriot, robber as thou art— (?)  
Yea, Patriot-robber be thy name,  
Spite the false chronicles of Fame!  
The tyrant's curse, his minion's dread,  
Joy of the poor, the widow's praise,—  
O, were it mine in those dark days  
To choose my lot, I'd make my bed  
With thee among the forest flowers—  
With thee arise at midnight hours,  
And thread the maze, and climb the hill—  
With thee I'd chase the royal deer,  
Or ease fat bishop 'gainst his will—  
With thee the hapless peasant cheer—  
Outlaw, assert the cause of right,  
And with thee battle upstart might:—  
Yes, glad would I proud tower forsake,  
With Robin Hood my woodland home to make.

Now doff the merry Kendal Green,  
And bend with me in pilgrim guise,  
Where on curst altar late hath been  
Most noble sacrifice.  
The gallows stands not—hence by night,  
Stealthily, ere the break of light  
The drowsy Norman watch should waken,  
As relic by the Saxon taken.  
Hast ne'er of William Longbeard heard,  
The true plebeian Englishman?  
Perchance hast not, for History can  
On such but seldom spare a word.  
A nobler rare—bear witness, Heaven!—  
If not of Freedom's blest Eleven,  
'Mong men on holy mission sent,  
With patriot-gospel eloquent.  
He spoke—tumultuous murmurs rose—  
The people anger'd in their woes:  
Yet terror chills, though hope beats high;—  
To arms!—the Norman bands draw nigh!

A dauntless few remain to fall,  
Preferring death to life of thrall.  
Prone in his blood, yet living, fast  
At horse-tail dragg'd, through crowds aghast  
Yet sobbing loud, the champion see  
Borne to the death of infamy !  
If such be shame, then what can glory be ? (8)

Heavy the tide of Time roll'd on—  
Darkness was on the flood ;  
There broke a livid gleam anon,  
And the black wave was blood.  
Fierce anarchs revell'd wildly there,  
Their shouts on the sepulchral air  
Rung discord dire :  
The billows burst with awful roar—  
It seem'd 'gainst Hyperborean shore,  
To beat for ever, ever more,  
Higher and higher ;



Britannia slept a death-like sleep,

To that fierce lullaby :—

But hark ! what voice comes o'er the deep,

Harsh as the sea-fowl's cry,

Wild echoing round the Island-steep ?

'Tis Learning speaks, in tongue uncouth,

The Gospel of eternal truth,

By ancient sages taught :

Methinks I see dull Slavery bound,

To hear the freedom-breathing sound,

And hold her chains at naught :

Tyranny startled at the mighty clank,

As if the warning of the day of Doom ;

And in her strong-hold, wrapt in sullen gloom,

Deep of Despair's chill stony goblet drank.

O ! 'twas a glorious morn that saw,

With eager looks and hasty speed,

The armed host together draw

On ancient Runnymede.

The tyrant barons feel the scourge,  
And, as they need the people's stay  
Against the common tyrant, urge  
Rights that he trampled less than they :  
Spontaneous love of *theirs*, I ween,  
In England's history rare is seen.  
The Poitevin must be suppress'd—  
Rage rankles in the Norman's breast ;  
And Saxon stern disdains to be  
Crush'd with a double tyranny. (9)  
See ! knights and vassals, sturdy band,  
Around the trembling despot stand :—  
'Tis vain, pale King ! to stand at barter ;  
Or die, or grant now that they sue—  
While fools delay, the bold will do !—  
'Tis gain'd—the memorable Charter !  
What shout of triumph, long and loud,  
Went up from all that myriad crowd !  
The Saxon serf, far in the dell,  
Hath caught the sound, his bondage lightens ;

The townsman hears the joyous swell,  
And many a downcast blue eye brightens :  
Then the first day-flush on the dark sea broke,  
And shew'd the stalworth boughs of the young Island Oak.

Freedom march'd on with rapid stride,  
And bold and bolder mien ;  
Freedom and Wisdom, side by side,  
Were like twin-angels seen :  
Ignorance, with his hideous spouse,  
Hollow-eyed Superstition pale,  
The bloody-finger'd, at the tale  
Of whose mid-winter-night's carouse  
The heart of Nature bleeds,  
Before the bright celestial pair  
Sullen retired to caverns, where  
The bird of darkness breeds,  
And Druid-demons, in the awful light  
Of their unreal fires, at noon of night,  
Dream o'er their horrid deeds.

But many an age of sorrow pass'd  
In transit from the dark to light;  
Internal tumults long and vast,  
And many a foreign plunder-fight.  
What if no more in fell crusade  
England her martial myriads pours,  
Through seas of massacre to wade,  
And perish round the Sacred Towers;  
If Lion-Heart no longer be  
Man's pest, though pride of chivalry; (<sup>10</sup>)  
Strife 'twixt the White Rose and the Red  
Dyes England's verdant fields with gore;  
And British bosoms lavish shed  
Their life-blood on the Gallic shore;  
While Cambrian, Scot, Hibernian, long  
Remember Anglo-Norman wrong.  
War sleeps, and Persecution wakes—  
Treason and Heresy must die;  
His hellish brand the bigot shakes,  
And Smithfield blazes to the sky:

And in yon gloomy ancient pile,  
The far-famed dungeon of the Isle,  
London! thy horror-thrilling Tower,  
What victims of suspicious Power  
In sad relentless bondage grieved,  
Or were by headsman's axe relieved!  
There the grim Genius of the days of old  
Solemnly opeth Time's oblivious book;  
Fading full many a page, but look—oh look!  
On *this* how fast the crimson letters hold!

Alas! for pure patrician blood,  
Shed nobly oft in righteous cause!  
Of high-born martyr's fortitude  
Fame loves to tell with vast applause;  
Yet seldom, but to slur with shame,  
Breathes vulgar patriot's glorious name.  
Of him the recreant Walworth slew,  
The man of Essex, Saxon true,

And him of Kent anon, as bold— (11)  
Say, what of these hath History told?  
Forsooth, seditious knaves were they,  
That led the swinish mob astray!  
Never, if not in *them*, I find  
The metal of the freeborn mind;  
That goodly stuff, in days before,  
Great Alfred prized; that precious vein,  
Than all the chivalry of Spain  
And gold of Ind, availing more.  
Of this our own peculiar wealth  
Exhaustless be old Albion's soil!  
It is our life, soul, strength and health,  
Our sword, our seven-fold shield, the foil  
Of every harm, our breast-plate without stain,  
With this to end our glory, or remain.

Richard at length his blood expends  
His crimes to expiate;

And with the White the Red Rose blends,

And peace is in the state.

But Richmond proves a miser king,

And doth the people's treasures wring;

Yet leaves the extorted gold to be

The sport of prodigality.

Behold, the fierce, licentious son,

Wife-slayer, ruthless, infidel,

In vice that would not be outdone,

And striving to be terrible :

Like the old man of Capreæ's isle, <sup>(12)</sup>

Monster of lust, and rage and guile;

That sullen demon dark and dread,

Whose fame was like a Gorgon's head.

Then like a ray of pearly light

Evolving from the storm of night,

Young Edward shone his gentle hour :

When seem'd the sky more black to lower

With her, so worthy of her sire,

Whose name is voluble of blood;

Her throne with death-heads all bestud,  
Her seals the scourge, the rack, the fire;  
Grim Torture smiled to be her minister,  
Yet almost wearied in obeying her.

And next the sister, mighty Queen,  
Is on the historic picture seen,  
Proud, arrogant, but yet I ween

A daughter bright of glory:  
She rarely used scourge, rack, or flame,  
Yet on the lustre of her fame  
There is a spot more dark than shame,  
Indelible and gory.

—Beautiful stranger! peerless, sad as fair,  
Myrtle and cypress deck'd thy raven hair;  
The Loves and Graces wept upon thy bier,  
And stern Suspicion could not help a tear.  
Yes—let us mourn sweet Mary's fate,  
But not in sympathy abate



The jealous Southron's meed of praise ;  
We hail the dawn of better days  
    To the long harass'd state,  
With her whose sceptre mighty nations own'd,  
Amid the sea so all-imperial throned. (15)

Then came the Scot—but not with bound  
Fierce as he sprang the Roman mound,—  
The Stuart came with peaceful smile,  
One belt of union girt the Isle.  
False smile! the vain dogmatic king  
Would be most absolute in power,  
Claiming his crown as heavenly dower,  
Men's rights a wild imagining.  
And there was one, illustrious sage,  
Like to the worthy of our age, .  
Raised by the dint of mental might,  
But not like him in sin's despite,  
In pride of purity, to height

Of state pre-eminence;  
Who dared abet the impious claim,  
And in ambition's sordid game  
Cared not to soil with lasting shame  
His wisdom's excellence.— (14)  
Scholar of arbitrary sire,  
The second Stuart took his crown  
As if from God descended down,  
Of gold that mock'd all earthly fire.  
The lightning flash'd—he dreamt no harm,  
But waved his sword to calm the state's alarm;  
And, in the twinkling of an eye,  
Low in the dust his sacred honors lie!

—Hark! the death-bell tolls  
A summons to the world of souls,—  
Not as by Nature given;  
Hers is a whisper for the most,  
That woos away the trembling ghost  
Unto its heaven.

This call is with an iron tongue  
That wrings the bosom with a fearful thrill ;  
Like curse around the ærial echoes flung—  
It hath a murderous sound,—its voice is—kill !  
Thousands gather round yon pile,—  
The city's myriads all aghast,  
And soldiery of solemn cast,  
That with a grim derision smile.

The hour is come—  
Horror on tiptoe stands agape :  
Loud with the death-bell chimes the rolling drum—  
He comes, ye know him by his shape—  
Lo, there he stands, a very king !  
How hush'd—ye might have heard a spirit's wing.  
His time is short ; his prayers are said—  
He bravely bends—nor tear nor moan—  
'Tis done——Behold a traitor's head !—  
The people answer with an awful groan.  
So fell the king, by force that would uphold his throne.

Thou man of iron, darkly stern,  
Cromwell! didst think a power to earn  
Certain and grand, by such foul deeds?  
He never thrives, for whom one bleeds—

There is a curse in blood,  
That ever doth for vengeance cry—  
A guilty stain of such deep dye,

Proof to Oblivion's flood:  
Ah! tell me what is martial might,  
But even as the North-wind's blight,  
Keen—fierce—but soon at flight?

Thou child of Revolution's throe!  
Didst think thy bark in pride would go

Down the long tide of Time?  
The sea is mighty in its surge,  
But soon it lulls, and on its brim  
The bubble may a moment swim,  
That did upon the billow's verge  
Impend sublime.

Ah! children of a hapless sire,

    Last of an evil-fated line!

For you did such dread scenes transpire

In vain, the rules of empire to define?

True to the passions of the race,

Each madly rush'd to wild extreme

Of rampant lust, or bigot dream,

    And perish'd in disgrace.

Though bright at first as May-morn gold,

The Stuart power was seen unfold,

From the high Cheviot soon it roll'd

A sable mass of thunder-cloud,

Threat'ning to blast the oaks that never bow'd.

The tempest broke in dread affray—

Wide through the land on fiery heel,

Horror, with fierce exulting peal,

    Stalk'd on her dreadful way.

And yet 'twas but a summer storm,

Though furious, as in Southern clime,

Around old Atlas' peaks sublime.  
Forth came the Sun, all sheen and warm,  
On the blue-bosom'd atmosphere :  
With smile, as of high Heaven, to cheer  
The patriot Islesmen brave :  
And lo ! the generous William's bark,  
In all the pomp of Freedom's Ark—  
Joy in the gale, and welcome in the wave !

Batavian Prince ! thy rule, how blest,  
Shall long by grateful Britons be confest ;  
King of a patriot people's choice,  
As fit the echo of a nation's voice.

Then lived the pride of England's sages,  
The man who never took Corruption's wages,  
But preach'd the gospel of the Rights of Man  
E'en in the teeth of the Scotch tyrant's ban,  
And won the love of ages.

Illustrious Locke ! that thou didst own  
The glory of that lawful throne,

Were sanction that we own it too,  
E'en did it blazon with less bright a hue :  
Thou spakest Truth's pure word,  
Like herald of celestial tidings heard  
In front of the immortal band—  
Not Albion's boast alone, but pride of every land.

At length the Guelph, with Heaven's auspicious smile,  
From o'er the sea is hail'd unto our Isle ;  
Exulting millions sang the joyous strain,  
Though War scowl'd darkly in the royal train :  
England, in her old Wooden Walls secure,  
And in her children's " hearts of oak,"  
Amid the storm of Empire will endure,  
With fame untarnish'd, strength unbroke,  
Firm as her rocky ramparts 'gainst the stroke  
Eternal of the wild impetuous sea.  
Loud as the many-sounding deep,  
The seamen raise the song of liberty ;—  
Its echoes o'er the waters sweep,

Till every billow seems to roar—

“ Britannia rules the waves ;”

Bearing the chorus on from shore to shore—

“ Britons never will be slaves !”

Albion ! around thy craggy coast

Protecting angels, and a mighty host

Of patriot spirits of the Island, roam,

To guard the sacred spot of Freedom’s home ;

And many a gloomy restless ghost

Of fallen foe, upon thy surgy swell

Toss’d to and fro, hath found a watery hell.

Under the Third of Guelphic line—

Dark season !—England’s foes combine :

England threw down her gauntlet to the world ;

The champion of unrighteous kings was she ;

And had well-nigh deserved to have been hurl’d

From her proud empery.

—And yet it was a good and faithful king,

His name I love, yet not in praise will sing



As hath been sung—mine is no lying Muse,  
Her song is truth, though but a feeble lay ;  
Indeed I ne'er but saw celestial ray  
In the pure sparkle of Pierian dews ;  
Falsehood and Poesy can no more be one,  
Than midnight vapor and meridian sun.  
Harsh be my lyre—yea, rather let it break,  
Than to one dulcet strain of flattery wake !

King ! hadst thou lived in happier days,  
Thou might'st have been the father of thy realm ;  
Thy path was over stormy ways,  
Or else most nobly hadst thou sway'd the helm.

Dark evil counsellors hadst thou,  
Else Albion, Erin, were not grieving now,  
For hard-earn'd riches spent in vain ;  
Nor had they so bemoan'd their children's pain ;  
Their life-blood pour'd like rivers to the sea,  
But that the sea showers back from its deep treasury.

A world was lost, a world was saved,  
Beneath that hapless reign ;  
By vile misrule, that craved and craved,  
That conscience, right and prudence, braved,  
Didst thou redemption gain,  
Thou glorious Mistress of the Western Main !  
Thy patriot children's acts were grand indeed—  
Yes, be it own'd, though much did Britain bleed ;  
Their fame in some remoter age may be  
The tocsin of a new world's liberty ;  
And long as man shall feel as man *should* feel,  
Their names will be like the enkindling steel,  
To fire the soul with a celestial flame,  
To cheer the slave, and prompt the patriot's aim.  
Think not there's rancor in a Briton's breast—  
His brother's pride should be his sorrow's test ;  
Oh ! charge ye not on the Parental Isle  
The unrivall'd horrors of her statesmen's guile ! (15)  
To check the rebel went the Islesman brave  
And not his fellow-freeman to enslave :

Too prone to draw the sword at dark command,  
Yet ever ready with a brother's hand.  
Where is the Briton now will not avow  
'Twas a most glorious struggle to be free—  
The knee that will not bow,  
And pray, "God bless the great confederacy!"  
With smile serene  
Our Ocean-Mother hails her true-born child,  
From the stupendous Trans-Atlantic wild,  
A second Ocean-Queen;  
The waves her vassals, and her throne the rocks,  
That laughs at Conquest, and grim Ruin mocks.  
—Oh King! thy sceptre had indeed been blest,  
Were it but for thy rebels of the West;  
For those fell deeds which wrought an empire's birth,  
Which gave another world of glory to the Earth!

The grand climacteric of the world came on,  
And up rose Revolution fierce and wan;  
'Twas Squalor bursting from her dungeon-chain:

The deep revenge of ages in full tide  
Gush'd forth amain,  
And seem'd as never to again subside.  
Oh France! thou didst indeed at length awake  
To the long call of Justice—thy fell sword  
Wielded as by the Avenger of the Lord,  
Its parched iron lip as ne'er to slake!  
And when indeed it might have sunk to rest,  
And peace and truth have been set firm as Heaven,  
A thousand vipers rankle in thy breast:  
Tyrants insidious lay their secret fires,  
Their traps well baited with infernal leaven;  
And England—yes, weep, Britons! for your sires,  
Who in a drunken dream  
By human fiends were urged to crime's extreme—  
Yes, England to be chief in fraud aspires!  
Then France, to madness driven,  
The bonds of nature were like straw-wisps riven,  
And the fair land a prey to every demon given. (16)

Then tyrants laugh'd, and clapt their hands to see  
The dread result of their sly villany ;

    The hornet brood of kings  
Sung joy, and fondly nursed their deadly stings.

    Oh England ! that thy name  
Should catch one shade from that black cloud of shame !

But thou, with thy apostate counsellor,  
Base son of Freedom's champion orator, (<sup>17</sup>)  
Thou wert the aptest at the accursed fraud,  
Thee chief the gang consented to applaud ;

    Thy matchless stealth,

    And thy exhaustless wealth !

With golden touch, or whisper spell,

Fanning sedition to a blazing hell !

Oh ! 'twere a tale too dismal and too long  
To chronicle in this brief triumph-song !

# **THE SONG OF ALBION.**

---

## **PART SECOND.**

---

**ON Gallia's hills the Eagle spreads  
With joy her fluttering wings;  
The mighty have bow'd down their heads,  
The Consul-Warrior proudly treads  
Upon the necks of Kings.  
On lofty Alp the aspiring Frank,  
Like Hannibal of old—  
In all things like, as great as bold,—  
The cup of his ambition drank.**

Far o'er the plain of Lombardy  
His flashing eye roll'd joyously—

The page of his renown:

The hot blood to his forehead gush'd,  
And swift the burning warrior rush'd—  
To sound of trumpet and of drum,  
Startling the mountain echoes, dumb  
Since he of Carthage pass'd that way—  
The hero and his grand array,  
A vast, impetuous, flaming form,  
Like avalanche in thunder-storm,  
On fair Italia down.

The march is triumph—soon the chief  
Upon a high imperial throne,  
Surveys the world almost his own;  
Yet marks the Queen-Isle on her stormy reef  
Undaunted and secure—  
With scorn and enmity he marks—

Shall the base thing endure?  
Ay, martial tyrant! till her barks  
No more upon the waters boom,  
But in the dismal Ocean-tomb  
Are buried all—till then  
Will England foil thy lawless doom,  
Agen and still agen.  
Go to the Ind and try thy might,  
Tread in the footsteps of the Greek,  
On Tigris' banks for conquest seek—  
Sooner on Himalayan height  
Thy victor-eagle shall be seen,  
Sooner amid Siberian snows,  
Sooner where deep Volga flows,  
Than on Britannia's hills of everlasting green!

Ha! think'st thou so, thou crafty one?  
Lo the fell scene of Moscow's fight!  
Musket loud and thunder-gun



Rend the earth, and shroud the sun  
With canopy of night :  
The shriek, the shout, the soldier-tramp,  
The war-horse' snort and bound,  
Upon the reeking welkin damp  
Swell with a wild and muffled sound.  
'Tis night—all heaven a blood-red flame!  
What hath Despair achieved?  
Oh God! this is Ambition's game!—  
Thus is the world aggrieved,  
Thus must the fell War-demons breathe—  
Moscow a pyre to make a wreath,  
Napoleon, for thy fame!  
Wear it—be proud—'tis scarlet-deep of shame!  
—Cease, fool, from thy delirious pranks,  
Home—home unto thy vassal Franks—  
No rest for thee, this side the Seine's fair banks!

Wilt thou now venture on the dauntless Isle?  
Winter breathes gently there—why that grim smile?

Britannia hath not for ally  
The snow-crown'd monarch of the Northern sky.  
But ah, the wave!—the wave!  
Before the ærial horrors fly,  
And in the waters seek a grave!  
—Nelson is on the sea,  
And the young WILLIAM sails beneath the flag, (<sup>18</sup>)  
The symbol many an age of victory:  
Royal and vulgar blood as ardently  
Beating the Gallic ensign down to drag.

Thy days are number'd, Chief!  
'Tis destined thou shalt fall;  
Rouses all earth at the loud battle-call.  
And lo, Britannia, to her final grief,  
Although to triumph, leaves her Wooden Wall  
And sends her children forth a martial train:  
Right sturdy soldiers witness many a fight,  
From Cressy's field to Albuera's height; (<sup>19</sup>)  
Upon the land as on the stormy main.

—But ah! why fought the Briton now,—  
To win fresh laurels for his brow  
In Freedom's glorious cause?  
Cursed is he, whoever he be,  
Who in behalf of tyranny  
The sword of battle draws!  
Oh! 'tis an awful thing  
Brav'ry in subsidy of crime to bring;  
The simple soldier cheated with the thought,  
That when he hurl'd the deadly bolt of war,  
'Twas at his country's foe—for *Home* he fought!  
Of all, the miscreant we most abhor,  
Who holds the honor of the brave at naught,  
And drives the patriot blindly to the dire onslaught.

The tale be brief—from me no strain  
To precious courage spent in vain;  
O'er the deluded warrior's bier  
In silence would I shed a tear. <sup>(20)</sup>

They went, the Island soldiers brave—  
Each footstep was a foeman's grave.  
Oh Gallia! vain thy prowess then  
Was lavish'd for the wonder-man of men,  
That awful master-soul:  
His demon-genius foil'd at length,  
That arm of might and tower of strength;  
In vain his lion-bosom swell'd  
With high emprise as he beheld  
The thousands darkly roll:  
His eagle-eye flash'd fierce and wild,  
But not as when on Alpine mount  
He linger'd, Fortune's youngest child,  
And seem'd his dawning honors to recount:  
No—'twas the reckless bravo's glance  
Full in the front of destiny;  
So may the warrior's eye-ball dance  
When death is all but certainty.  
His thought was quick for every scheme,  
But Fate hemm'd in as with an idiot dream.

Meanwhile Britannia's aged King,  
Victim of many woes,  
Had sunk into a dull and sad repose.  
His Regent son a veil would fling  
Of martial lustre o'er that evil time :  
Methinks I see him in his golden prime  
Inebriate with victory and power,  
Prosperity his dower.  
But 'twas the glare of an unreal sun,  
The fatal splendor of the unholy one :  
Lucifer fell down from the Empyréan,  
And ether rang with universal pean !  
It was hallucination's noon,  
The frantic season of the autumnal moon.  
Then rose a man—'twas Erin gave him birth,  
Avenging all her wrongs at once in him—<sup>(21)</sup>  
A statesman unto tyrants of rare worth,—  
A Ganymede, with beaker to the brim  
Of poison-counsels teeming, round the Earth

To hand the chalice to each royal lip.  
All long'd of the infernal cup to sip ;  
So sweet the mead, 'twas in an instant quaff'd.  
Again and still again he gave the draught—  
Trembled the lands, as drunk the tyrants laugh'd.  
—If he that went before, dark subtle man,  
The state into the tide of peril steer'd ;  
The vessel now breast on destruction ran,  
Yea, right a-head the yawning breakers rear'd.

The kings have sat in solemn state,  
And seal'd the proud Plebeian's fate.  
—Down with the People's sovereign—down!  
He hath no right to wear imperial crown :  
He lives, and empire's spell is gone—  
The people's breath will be the voice of God,  
And sceptres fall to children of the clod !  
—The stag's at bay—on, dogs of battle, on !  
And on the rampant blood-hounds rush ;  
The royal backers shouting to the sport,

With cheeks of orimson that may never blush.

The pride of England's haughty court,  
A staunch good soldier, led the warrior pack,  
That never once on fight had turn'd his back.

Oh Wellington!

Thou true-born Island-son,  
Would—would that thou hadst won  
Thy deathless fame upon more hallow'd path;  
Like great Miltiades,  
'Gainst tyrant enemies,  
And less hadst been the sword of tyrant wrath!

Well-foughten field of Waterloo!

The allies were brave, the Gaul was true:  
Though many a day shall Europe rue

The horrors of that fight.

—Apart upon a hill retired,

Within the combat's sight,  
I see the Master-spirit gazing;  
The eagle-eye all wildly blazing,—

Now with glowing hope inspired,  
Now despair the bright orb glazing.  
Quickly past the Rubicon,  
Cæsar marches boldly on  
To tyranny and death :  
But there thou sat'st the livelong day  
In the hot battle-breath,  
To see the tide of empire roll away  
In the dread issue of that stubborn fray.  
The scathing thoughts—oh ! who can tell,  
Then through thy bosom hurried ?  
Thy great heart by a thousand demons worried—  
Till all the host of Hell  
Rose in that loud, long, wave-like swell,  
The British shout, the foeman's certain knell.  
  
'Tis o'er, and France they cry is free—  
Yes, from her chosen tyranny,  
To groan 'neath one she willeth not ;  
The Bourbon sway her despicable lot !



Ay, and the world is free, they say—  
They mean restored to the accustom'd sway  
Of the vile despots of the ancient line :  
Such is the freedom for which kings combine !  
—'Tis done, the mighty one brought low :  
And trusting in a generous foe,  
He yields him to the haughty Isle.  
Methinks I see Britannia proudly smile  
O'er the world's terror suppliant at her feet,  
Like summer-wave that scarcely dares to beat.  
But ah ! in vain doth the fall'n hero sue :  
Oh shame ! combining with a villain crew  
Of stranger-tyrants, England's mighty arm  
Is stretch'd to calm their coward souls' alarm,  
And crush a prostrate enemy.  
Behold—but oh ! it cannot be  
Such gross, unrivall'd perfidy !—  
Ay—and more foul, in British bark,  
That on the deep had been like Freedom's ark,

Over the sea the hapless foe they send !

Why didst not ope, indignant wave,

Why didst not ope, our shame to end

At once with the dishonor of the brave ?

They bore him to Helena's gloomy rock

Far o'er the Atlantic main,

To endure alone stern Fortune's rudest shock,

Once spared to be twice slain !

They meet, the victor-monarchs meet

In Albion's far-famed Capital,

To celebrate their general feat

By mighty festival.

It was the day of loyal Quixotism :

The mob huzza insensate peal'd ;

With victory drunk, the nation reel'd

On to the gulf of despotism.

The sumptuous George, the Regen son,

'Mid royal peers seem'd more than one :

The British warrior look'd a king :  
And England's minister, amid the ring  
Of potentates, presumed unaw'd to stand,  
At Sovereignty's right hand !  
—It was a dazzling pomp indeed ;  
Such as of old, when triumphs were decreed.  
Ah, fatal charm of pageantry !  
'Twas this that woo'd the Roman's heart—  
When force had fail'd, and suffering's smart—  
Into the lap of tyranny.  
The silly Vulgar loves a feast—  
Feed it with shows, and it will be  
All fawning and servility ;  
Succumbing like a burthen-beast  
Unto the weight which to the earth shall bear,  
And bring it wisdom only with despair.  
—Who thinks in the bright hour of glory  
Of battle-field still foul and gory ?  
The dying soldier's fame how brief—  
He falls forgotten like a leaf !

Ah! little was the memory cherish'd  
Of those for that grand day who perish'd;  
The claims of kindred all forgot,—  
The sun—mock-sun—must beam without a spot.  
At what huge cost how small a thing is earn'd!  
The tyrants' hearts swell'd high and proud  
To see that toy-enamour'd crowd—  
Their smiles they shower'd while their bosoms spurn'd.  
Oh Demon of Revenge! where wast thou then?  
Genius of injured Gallia! Atreus-like  
Why didst not rise to be avenged, when  
The Briton feasted high, and horror-strike  
Thy foe at his Thyestean banquet? (<sup>22</sup>) Oh!  
England, thou featest on thy children slain!  
Hush the loud triumph-strain—  
Strike the deep chord of wo!  
  
The captive to the sea-gale sigh'd  
That wanton'd round his rocky prison;

The long-expected morn of hope

Alas, alas! had never risen :

His iron tear fell on the briny tide.

He might no more with sorrow cope :

Far from his darling child and bride,

The broken-hearted hero slowly died. <sup>(23)</sup>

And he too died, who wrought that wretched plan,

But still a sadder death, most hapless man !

Nations hosanna'd o'er the corse

Of the self-slaying victim of remorse.

And he, the great magnificent,

The sumptuous George, went to his father's tomb,

Where lay the Isle's love nipt in her young bloom,

His daughter,—mourn'd with myriad hearts' lament

Over that royal lady's bier

Britannia like a mother wept ;—

But when in death the father slept,

E'en Fashion sigh'd not, Folly shed no tear. <sup>(24)</sup>

There rose a shout from every freeman's voice—

Not that they did o'er their dead king rejoice—

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Avaunt the thought!

Though he had held his people's love at naught:

'Twas that they hail'd thy advent, glorious Sire!

Their hearts' desire,

**WILLIAM!** for thee that shout did Albion's hosts suspire.

Hail to thee, hail, thou Seaman-King!

Freedom huzza'd when **WILLIAM** rose; (<sup>25</sup>)

Britannia seem'd again to spring

From her blue depths, o'er which her foes

Did still her requiem sing.

For though she conquer'd, tyrants won,

Stranger-despot, false-heart son;

They robb'd her freedom when they urged to glory,

Like fever-flush her triumph transitory.

This was the crisis of her destiny:

As when the billows wake up suddenly

From a low murmur to an angry roar,

Round some huge carcase bedded on the shore;

Such was the tumult now in Albion's Isle  
Of rousing honesty 'gainst stablsh'd guile.  
And foremost in Truth's noble van,  
There march'd with step of courage bold  
A most transcendent man,  
Worthy of brightest times of old ;  
Among the noblest of the illustrious clan,  
The flower of fame, since erst the world began.  
Britannia's Brougham <sup>(86)</sup> shall be named in story  
E'en with Athena's great Demosthenes,  
Or Roma's Cicero,—nor less than these,  
Co-equals all in glory.  
Who shall arraign my tributary song—  
Who but will own what loftier strains belong ?  
Alas ! in me to praise is but to wrong !  
These—men like these—indeed are great,  
The pride and pillars of a state,  
Joy of the good, the wicked man's dismay ;  
The Earth's true aristocracy,

Far, far the blaze of heraldry  
Surpassing bright in virtue's holy ray.

Albion! thy hour of triumph came  
With a reviving world;  
Gallia arose, (<sup>27</sup>) and from her name,  
In one brief moment, as with flame  
From Glory's altar, purged the shame:  
The Tricolor was once again unfurl'd,  
And the curst Bourbon to perdition hurl'd.  
This was the signal of a strife  
That shall not end but with the life  
Of the last tyrant—not until  
In all things paramount the People's Will,  
And 'fore Truth's sun, Error with dazzling train  
Hath gone like night, but ne'er to rise again.  
O France! our ancient enemy,  
And all the world's but yesterday,  
The feud of ages rolls away,  
And many nations' enmity



In one brief hour is all forgot.  
Thy fate became as 'twere Man's lot,  
'Gainst Man it was thy tyrants did combine,  
The cause of Man was thine ;  
And long as human bosom beats,  
And while a patriot's heart may glow,  
Shall not be wanting one who greets  
With ecstasy his father's foe.  
Green Envy blushes into rosy Love,  
And harsh Antipathy grows gentle as a dove.

There is contagion, tyrants say,  
In liberty—ay, even so ;  
It like a wildfire holds its way,  
Nor wave can quench, nor rock can stay,  
But on—and on—and on 'twill go,  
The soul's electric ray.  
The fame of Gallia's mighty feat was heard—  
And quick, as at the Almighty's word,  
The dead in chains arise :

Poland—ay, she, whose genius prone  
    'Neath adamantine tyranny,  
Had not been heard long time to groan,  
    Bursts sudden from her slavery,  
    To a glad world's surprise.  
—Freedom—freedom!—hark, they cry,  
The bondsmen breaking from their tombs.  
    In vain the Despot's evil eye,  
Far piercing from his lofty throne,  
    Threatens that they again shall die;  
In vain the ruthless monster dooms  
To crush them with a burial-stone—  
    A mountain-weight of power.  
Forth from his wilds—his martial hives—  
His wasps of war the savage drives;  
Like locusts on the hills they lower—  
Calmuck and Cossack, Murder's sons,—  
'Tis Attila again and his barbaric Huns.

Thou glorious theatre whereon  
A world with rapture gazes,  
Poland! thou second Greece,  
With Praga for thy Marathon;  
Hold on—work out thine own release, (<sup>23</sup>)  
Like flax that in the furnace blazes,  
Consume the felon host in patriot zeal!  
Brand the brow, and scald the heel—  
Slay them, break them, chase when broken,  
Let none escape without a token  
Of freeman's might and vassal's shame—  
Something the tyrant's morbid eye to inflame!  
Methinks the savage in his woods  
In sullen grief already broods:—  
Where—oh, where the healing balm,  
The cordial that imperial breast to calm?  
Kind Austria, canst not yield it him—  
Nor, Prussia, thou?—all dumb and grim!  
Spain, thou wilt surely to the wretch!  
Will Portugal no solace fetch?

Nor France? her Charles in exile grey!  
 Nor England? where is Castlereagh?  
 Ha—ha—ha!—'tis now our turn—  
 The people's turn to laugh, and mock, and spurn.

Thank Heaven! the face of things is changed—  
 Ev'n Italy breaks wild;  
 Tyrants that once all lawless ranged—  
 That met to feast, now all estranged,  
 Tremble to be exiled.  
 Each at home in his dark den  
 Quakes at the movement of a—*pen*:  
 The dynasty of Thought begins,  
 Our scholar's quill than warrior's sword more wins.  
 Witness, O England, even now,  
 The mighty changes working in thy state;  
 Whence these grand doings, and accomplish'd how?  
 Upon the peaceful ear of Industry  
 Drum, trumpet, cannon—no harsh war-notes grate,

There is no blood upon our verdant soil;  
The hum of men is as 'twas wont to be,  
The buzz of trade and wholesome din of toil;  
Sweet as the murmurs of the wavy deep  
When Western gales on wings of healing sweep  
There is no sound of death, 'tis all of life:  
There may be strife, but 'tis a wordy strife:  
And if a shout swells ever and anon,  
It is of many hearts in unison;  
The deep vibration of a nation's soul  
When patriot breathings roll.

Stupendous Press! device of Heaven  
To purge the Earth of crime,  
Noblest though latest born of Time,  
Like the last day of seven,  
Destined to bring the sabbath of man's rest,  
To shed Truth's light upon our darken'd clime  
And realize the visions of the blest!

Organ of thought divine!

To thee it is that all our weal we owe—

Yea, all these mighty wonder-works are thine!

Thou art a furnace to the gold of truth;

Thy trial 'tis, that makes the passions glow

Irradiate with all holiness; the tooth

Of calumny against itself is turn'd

By thee; and by thy sifting power discern'd

Mantled hypocrisy. By thy vast strength

A thousand thoughts merge into one at length.

Thy breath is life—a wind before whose laugh

Prejudice ~~is~~ a cobweb, folly chaff.

Oh! but for thee what had the nations been,

That from the wreck of ancient empire rose,

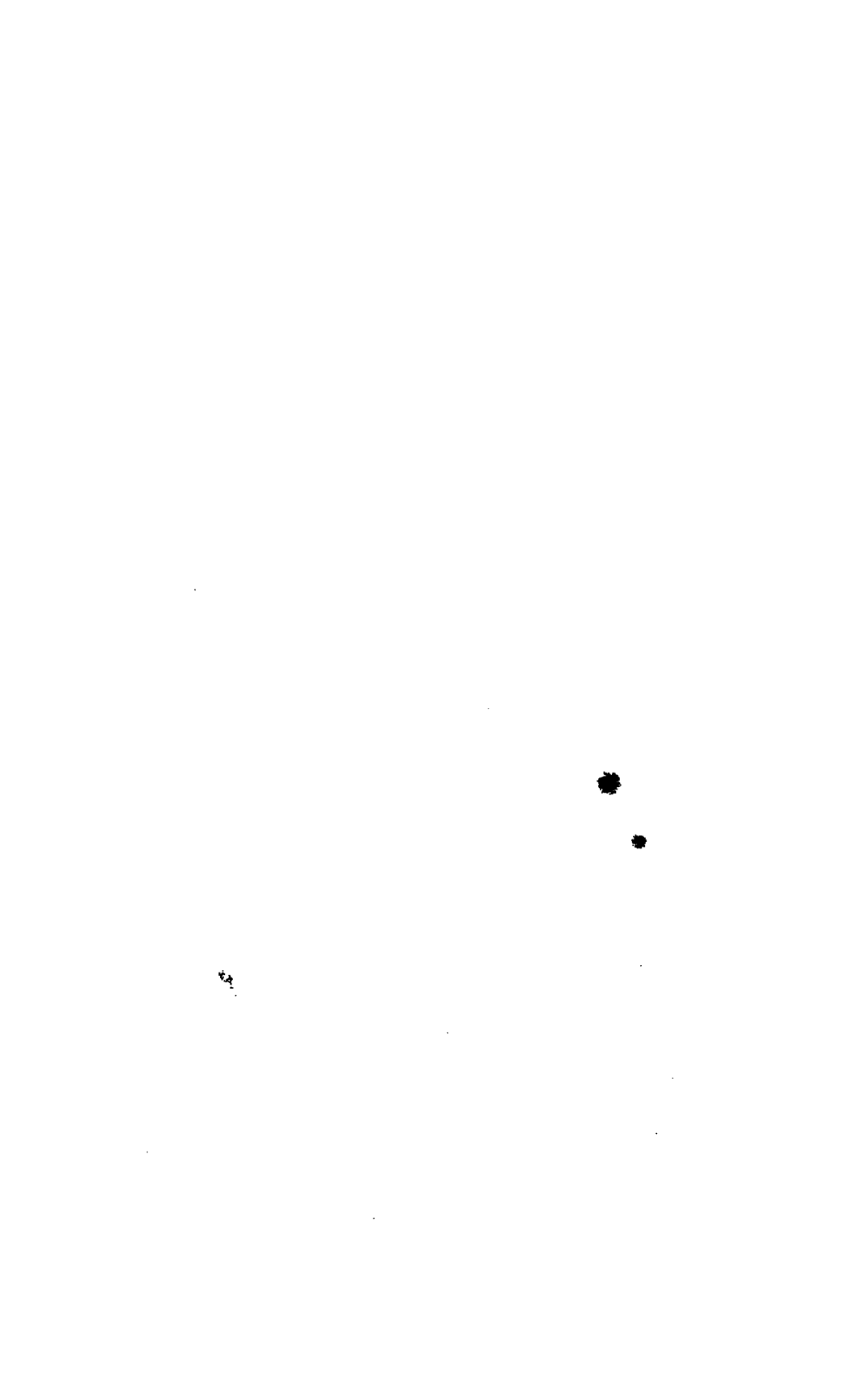
But short-lived horrors of convulsive throes,

The dismal phantoms of a fever scene!

And but for thee, oh! what were Britain now—

Let all her grateful sons avow—

Sport of a storm to which the Island oak must bow!



# **THE SONG OF ALBION.**

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## **PART THIRD.**

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●  
Now list the theme for which my song began ;  
O Muse! restrain at length thy flighty wing,  
Ecstatic sing  
Freedom's devolving plan ;  
What chaplet won the Patriot-King,  
What wreaths the Island train,  
More bright than on Olympia's plain  
Did ever Grecian worthies joy to gain.



There grew unseen amid the Isle  
A creature of the serpent form,—  
Corruption,—ambush'd in its wile,  
In secret nurture foul and warm  
Huge swelling into size.  
Sudden its limbs began to show  
From out the dark deceptions veil—  
Men started, yet seem'd not to know  
Its nature, and sent round a tale  
Of marvellous surprise.  
It smiled—the few with doubt beheld,  
The more were cheated to admire :  
It rear'd its crest in wreathed spire,  
And, as in tale of Eld,  
It spoke in a most silvery tongue  
That seldom fail'd to win ;  
And pointed to the fruits that hung  
Fair on the tree of Sin.  
Men pluck'd to taste, and ravish'd fed,  
And as they ate the monster spread

Into enormous amplitude :  
Around the body of the state  
It twined, and gulp'd into its maw  
The rights of men, until with awe  
Thousands at length, but not too late,  
The dreadful ravage view'd.  
Indeed the creature seem'd insatiate,  
To gorge for ever if without control :  
It ate and smiled, and ate and smiled,  
And many a wretch was still beguiled ;  
And some had grown to love it so,  
They needs into its mouth must throw  
The empire whole !—  
WILLIAM is king, and soon the pest lies low !

Less fell the Hydra upon Lerna's lake,  
With all its hundred throats to slake,  
And ever-springing heads ;  
Herculean courage never dared,  
With giant arm of prowess bared,

Feat that such lustre sheds.

To slay seem'd almost to devote the land,  
So had the monster round its bulwarks coil'd;  
Its length lay floating far along the strand:

In vain the surly waters boil'd,  
It like a fatal cincture girt the Isle,

The dark undoing of the mighty one; (<sup>29</sup>)

A thick black cloud of guile

Mantling Earth's moral sun:—

A moment more, the World's Eye had been quench'd,  
Freedom's blest sceptre from the Queen-Isle wrench'd,

Despite her sons' endeavor—

The mortal struggle of the patriot brave;

And Freedom mangled to the foster wave

Flung in for ever.

The horror this at which the good man sadden'd—

Britannia's sigh was heard along the main;

The horror this at which the wicked gladden'd—

Slav'ry arose and shook her rusty chain.

But, God of Righteousness ! thou didst not sleep,  
Over the Island of thy love  
Thine eye did still its parent vigil keep ;  
Thy Spirit brooding fondly like the dove,  
But yet the lightning-eagle in its power,  
Upon the pinions of the storm to scour,  
And deal thy bolts of vengeance o'er the world.  
The fiat hath gone forth, the breath  
Of the Great Ruler's word ;  
The monster hears its doom of death,  
With all its length in wild contortions curl'd ;  
The land with the fierce agony is stirr'd.  
Lo ! in the talons of Jove's mighty bird  
The writhing horror sways the darken'd air,  
While all its minions howl in wonder and despair !

Enough of fable—take the naked truth.

With all her woes how great our Mother-Isle !  
Her story far more cause for joy than ruth.

She hath grown up beneath Heaven's gracious smile,

Although that smile lay oft behind a cloud,  
To be among the noblest states of Earth ;  
Her equal glory by all states allow'd,  
But by her children, haughty in their birth,  
Proclaim'd the chief. Noble is patriot pride,  
Yet better 'twere men in well-doing vied,  
Than vaunted the great actions of their sires :  
He boasts not long, for fame who ne'er aspires.  
Dear native land ! my heart exults in thee,  
And more exults to think in after time  
What livelier rapture shall a Briton's be,  
When—as I hail on mount of hope sublime—  
The nation, freed from its huge vampire burden,  
Shall rise triumphant in its proper power ;  
The distant prospect of that joyous hour,  
Like sigh of Canaan, patriot-pilgrim's guerdon.

That vampire weight was—ay, it *was* I say,  
The blow is given—the burden rolls away—

Huge Oligarchy, (<sup>30</sup>)—nobles of the land,  
Ambitious, crafty, joining with a band  
Of upstarts base, that would forget their birth,  
With every principle of moral worth,—  
That sold themselves to Satan for vile gain  
And honors false—wicked alike and vain.  
'Twas these who sought alone, unchecked to reign,  
A Hydra-tyrant, legion of misrule ;  
    Waving imperial rod  
In bold rebellion to the throne of God,—  
Man and his rights in utter ridicule :  
    Traitors in stark undress !  
It was the empire of unrighteousness,  
Founded in secrecy, but rear'd at length  
In all the insolence of conscious strength.

The rights of men were bought and sold as ware !  
Slave-traffic is accursed, all declare,  
The Negro-trader is a pirate—well,  
Then what is he the White-man's rights who'd sell ?

To sell or man or rights just one,—to bind  
The limb, less evil than to chain the mind.  
Ah! pity not the Indian at his toil,  
Bare in the sun upon the scorching soil;  
While the slave Briton bows his *soul* to dust,  
And groans in shame to feed a tyrant's lust.  
—Who dares to bind what Nature hath left free,  
Be it the deathless mind, or mortal frame?  
Will ye, whose might is but the voice of Fame?

Oh mad impiety!

Patrician! tremble for thy rank,  
E'en when the chains thou hast imposed clank  
As with a sound of safety to thee! Thou  
Child of the dust, art, in thy veriest power,  
But like the vapor on the mountain's brow,  
Brilliant and loud, the terror of an hour—

A meteor climbing up the sky,

To flash and die!

And thou, gross child of Wealth!

Art but a midnight cloud,

Climbing, as 'twere by stealth,  
From the dank earth, a foul and heavy shroud,  
But soon evanish'd in the morning flush of health !

Cursed is the labor, vain the toil,  
The will of the Divine to foil !  
Freedom, a germ from heavenly soil,  
Was set in Earth's wild bower ;  
And, hail ye clouds, ye lightnings flash,  
Ye whirlwind-storms tremendous dash,  
Sooner shall oaks and mountains crash  
Than Freedom's sacred flower.

Rise, bands of Hell, and try your might,  
Breath all your plagues to sear and blight,  
The amaranth will hold ye slight,—

Ay, still uninjured bloom.

Rise, sons of Earth, your power essay—  
Trample and break and rend away,  
Low in the dust the flower lay,  
'Twill spring up from its tomb.



Empires may fall, and states convulse,  
And Earth itself wax old,  
With scarce a beat in Nature's pulse,  
Time's current dull and cold ;  
Still will the plant endure while man  
Moves in his native sphere ;  
As with his life its growth began,  
To perish on his bier.

But if to live while man shall live,  
Perennial through the lapse of time,  
Its place is very fugitive,  
Shifting from clime to clime,  
Athena nursed it long with care,  
And oh ! it thrived how passing fair  
In sweet Ilissus' vale ;  
The wavelets of the gentle tide  
Were like the kisses of a bride,  
Soft as the nightingale :

Every breath was ecstasy,  
Wildly whispering liberty.  
There Manliness and Truth were married,  
There all the Loves and Graces tarried;  
Philosophy and Nature hand in hand,  
Trode in harmonious step the sunbright day;  
And evening echoes on the shadowy strand  
In sweet Socratic murmurs died away.  
The vale grew dark—ay, even as Albion's Isle—  
With an impending storm;  
Corruption rear'd its horrid form,  
And Freedom's angel, with sad lingering smile,  
From that blest garden, with his sacred charge,  
On mournful pinion wing'd to Tiber's golden marge.

There long it flourish'd a more sturdy plant,  
The din of battle roaring such a chant  
As thrill'd the leaden world.  
But lo, the flag of Conquest wide unfurl'd!

Forth the Roman freeman rushes,—  
See, the blood of slaughter gushes,  
Like an ocean in its flood!  
The flower is deluged with a sea of blood!  
It sickens, droops——then, ah! behold  
In comes the tide of Triumph bright with gold,  
The dazzling swell of ~~luxury~~ luxury!  
Corruption darkly rides upon the waves—  
The plant is gone—ah! Romans, ye are slaves!  
A long farewell to liberty!  
—Oh, what a dreadful night o’erspread the Earth!  
Rome’s fate the fate of all:  
Then Anarchdom broke loose in awful mirth,  
Depth unto depth of horror seem’d to call,  
Sung every demon joy to that grand Empire’s fall.

And where was Freedom’s flower meantime?  
Methinks I see it wild on Arab plain,  
Scorch’d with the sultry clime,  
Yet hardy in the desert-blast remain,

And scatter far and wide its spicy scent.  
Methinks I see it shift with Tartar tent,  
That sail-like wanders o'er the sandy sea.  
Or now on some bleak Caledonian hill,  
Among the heath-bells blooming sturdily,—

Where still

Some Galgacus the freeman's heart may thrill.  
Now with Red Indian in his unknown world,  
Where the huge oak its synod-dome unfurl'd.  
Methinks I see it on some ocean-rock,  
Nursed by fierce water-spirits, to the shock  
Of Monsoon waving. Now in shady grove,  
Where Fauns and things of frolic fancy rove.

Or in Cimmerian caves,

Where the dark-loving bat no sunlight fears,

And Echo seldom hears

But the dull murmur of Lethean waves.  
Now in deep hollows of Antarctic dells,  
Where sullen Winter everlasting dwells  
And like a sky-storm thundering Cataract swells.

Soon on the Adriatic sea

Behold again the sacred flower :

The angel, Venice! brought to thee

The blessed dower.

But ah! thine was a kindred fate

With Athens and with Rome ;

Corruption dark through Wealth's bright gate

Pass'd in, and all-possessed the state ;

Changing the glorious home

Of the free mariner to dungeon drear.

Fall'n Venice asks the British seaman's tear.

—Ah me! it is a grievous thing

To trace the angel's restless wing

From clime to clime, from shore to shore ;

To mark the all-uncertainty

Of glory, and that bliss should be

A thing so quickly o'er.

One glance across the Historic page

And sure the bitter tears must fall ;

The good, the great, the fair, the perfect, all  
Lost in the fancy of a Golden Age.

At length rejoice now—rests the angel where,  
Oh! where but on the white-cliff Isle,  
Our home, our country! with a radiant smile  
That almost doth a prophecy declare,  
The sacred plant shall bloom for ever there ;  
Cheer'd by the sun and water'd by the shower,  
More beautiful than in Athena's bower,  
More vigorous than by Tiber's yellow stream,  
Securer than where Adriatic wound

His billowy arm around :  
Fulfil'd the good man's prayer and poet's dream.

Thrice happy land !

England is Freedom's home ;

On Albion's strand

The angel rested never more to roam.

Happiest island of the deep !

Happiest land of all the Earth !

If e'er again our Ocean-mother weep—  
Dear Britannia,—tis the birth  
Of evil that shall not destroy,—  
Maternal pang, the prelude of some newborn joy.

In Albion long hath Freedom been a-rearing,  
Storm-cloud perpetual dealing forth its ire ;  
But yet as constantly the sunbeam cheering,  
Making the plant to strengthen and aspire :  
And now it has a body so robust,  
Ten thousand thunders would not lay it in the dust.  
No—spit forth all your rage, ye demons, now  
Ye hosts of darkness gathering dense and fell !  
Belch out your malice—if the plant should bow  
Before the deadly swell,  
'Twill be to spring again, and wave its head  
Triumphant, and a richer fragrance shed,  
And shew its hue  
Bright in the lightning-flash, as if with dew

Fresh tipt from the reviving fount,  
That issues pearly down the Holy Mount.  
The amaranthine flower shall bloom  
The fairer for the tempest gloom,  
The sweeter for the sultry blast,  
Fairer and sweeter till the last  
Wild heaving wave of Time hath hurried past.

Oh ye dark men ! how from the faith estranged  
Of liberty your Island fathers left !  
God ! how the hearts of Britons may be changed,  
The Island oak by breath of Mammon cleft !  
The chords of patriot brotherhood all reft  
By foul ambition, the unhallow'd lust  
Of rank and pow'r !—This gives the dagger-thrust  
Of subtle treason ; this 'tis points the brand  
Of midnight fraud ; this is the mystic hand  
That threatens an empire with a certain fall ;—  
Some read it, Albion, on thy storm-proof wall !—



This in the face of day  
Unfolds the counterfeit of ancient fame,  
And loves to spout the name  
Of many a one, that in the uneven way  
Of glory foremost went,—a bright array,  
A galaxy of patriots ; and would seem  
Of kindred lustre with that golden stream  
Of honor and of truth—the hypocrite !  
False sons of Ocean ! bastards such as ye  
Are cankers in the heart of liberty ;  
Wolves in sheep's clothing, named in Sacred Writ,  
That rob, yet would appear most innocent ;  
Smooth, smiling Judasses benevolent,  
With kiss on lip, but in the heart a sting ;  
Birds with a vulture's claw, though turtle's wing ;  
With watch-dog's bark, but the hyena's tooth ;  
All treachery, and yet all-seeming truth.

Your names the Lyric Muse may hardly tell,  
Uncouth and vile, and most unfit for song ;

But 'tis not needed—ye are known full well,

In Shame's black chronicle an odious throng.

Who are they? ask thyself, thou haughty lord!

Who hast monopolized the heritage

Of thousands—with the soil of earth dost hoard

Men's civil rights; and as from age to age

Thou hast enjoy'd the same, doth claim to hold

Alike for ever. Ask thyself, thou bold

Contemner of thy fellows, low-born knave!

That hast crept in upon men's rights by stealth,

Hast made thy fellow while he slept a slave;

Hast wash'd out conscience with a flood of wealth,

And set in Freedom's fane thy banking-seat!

Who are they?—ask Report, she will repeat

Thy question with a laugh. Dependence ask,

And she will answer through her iron mask,

In accents hollow and of meaning vague,—

A mumbled lie, but a truth-telling groan.

Opinion ask, and in astounding tone

She will denounce a vengeance on the plague;

While Echo murmurs to her inmost dell,  
Till rocks, hills, plains, with shouts of patriot anger s

Yes—by the living God I swear,  
By him who speaks in thunder-cloud,  
And battles with the stormy air  
Until the very heavens are bow'd ;  
By his illimitable might,  
Who sways the sceptre of creation,  
And by his love, in floods of light  
That fills the world with exultation—  
By him I swear ye perish guilty ones !  
Yes, Man must be avenged his wrong,  
His sorrows must be ended :  
For so the universal fiat runs ;  
Justice and mercy sweetly blended,  
Truth—love, the burden of all Nature's song.  
Not long shall wretches such as ye,  
Proud oligarchal few !

The rulers of the nations be—  
 No, ye shall have your due :  
 Hurl'd from the height of insolence,  
 Headlong into the depth of shame,  
 There in the chains of impotence  
 To fret until your hearts are broken tame !

Like fate at length, in God's right day,  
 O Tyranny ! is destined to be thine,  
 With him who dared, as ancient poets say,  
 To scout the powers divine :  
 Typhœus huge, amain down-cast,  
 And o'er the rebel monster's breast  
 Great Etna, with its sulphurous crest,  
 Set brooding like a nightmare vast ;  
 The giant groans and gasps for breath,  
 Convulsing in an endless throe of death.  
 Impious ! awhile exalt thy brow,  
 And scorn the Majesty on high ;

The bolt is forging even now—

'Tis waving in the sky!

Awhile yet bend the knee.

Sound thy Te-Deums in religious seeming,

Fling to the sky the solemn blasphemy;

But mark, the wrath of Heaven is o'er thee gleaming!

The hand is on the wall—behold and shake,

Thy fate's foretoken!

Hark now!—they crash—the brazen gates are broken!

Belshazzar, wake!—thou drunken tyrant, wake!

Tremble, O Russ! thou shalt not long

In the red lap of Carnage revel!

Tremble ye all, confederate throng,

Soon the extremity of wrong

Must find a level!

Your cup is full, 'tis foaming o'er,

Destruction dances on the brim;

Drink now—what! start ye?—'tis but gore—

Ye never shrank from that before—

What sudden whim !

An earthquake's shock,

Felt from the Caucasus to Lisbon-Rock,

Hath made each tyrant's knees together knock ;

While it hath burst the bonds of many a slave—

Flung open wide the huge and dismal grave

Of Empire, and set free the living dead.

Some on the stony bed

Ghastly in their sepulchral robes I see,

Just heaving into life of liberty ;

Others in amaze

Sit up, and on the peering day-light gaze,

Yet stretch their limbs, their glowing bosoms ope ;

Others start forth in all the thrill of hope,

And drink the living ecstasy divine.

—Hush, battle-drum !

A cursed voice is thine ;

None will obey the summons ; hearts are dumb

But to the trump of Liberty, blest sound !  
To this the dead awake, the living bound ;  
The good with joy,—the wicked with dismay,  
For 'tis their judgment day.

And ye, base Britons! who had thought  
Uncheck'd your felon scheme t'<sup>l</sup>have wrought,  
Shall ye alone elude the doom

Of patriot vengeance?—*ye!*

Shall your mean wiles with promise bloom

While over that grand tree,

Which overtopp'd the mountain brows,

Whose giant boughs,

With horror all the Earth o'erlower'd,—

Hath crept the blight?

Its ebon branches drooping in the light

From Truth's pure altar shower'd,

The evil birds thereon than brooded flying,

The evil beasts there-neath that shelter'd dying,

Its sear'd leaves to the sporting breezes given,

**Its gnarled trunk by the hot bolts of Heaven**

**Soon to be riven.**

**Are ye secure while thrones are shaken,**

**The citadels of empire taken,**

**Monarchs exiled, sceptres shiver'd,**

**Nations in a trice deliver'd**

**From the long clutch of death ;**

**The rocks of ages roll'd away**

**Like liquid waves and feathery spray**

**Before the morning breath ?**

**Ye, in the rotten bulwarks of your pride,**

**Shall ye alone against the shock abide ;**

**Ye in your crazy shallops ride sublime,**

**While empires' wrecks bestrew the raging flood of Time?**

**Trueborn of Fraud ! descended in right line**

**From those vile men of yore, the country's curse ;**

**Those Judasses that held the public purse**

**For every base design ;—**

**To prompt the bad, the faithful undermine,**



To buy the brave, and to suborn the wise;  
To silence conscience and make passion rise;  
Lords of the subtle pen, hired sword, and scalping knife!  
Who fann'd the fury of intestine strife  
By secret breath—yea, help'd to build the pyre  
Of Revolution, and to raise the fire;  
Then to rush in with a demoniac crew,  
That o'er the blaze a gory deluge threw,—  
A forced salvation like a double hell;  
Or like the Antarctic's spell  
Petrific cast upon the boiling flood;  
Or the wild ocean turn'd to stagnant blood!  
—Shall ye, so worthy of such sires, shall ye,  
Rich in the wages of iniquity  
Your fathers left ye, find as ready tools  
To work your evil will? Are men such fools,  
Once scorch'd, as to caress the burning brand—  
Once stung, to stroke the snake with loving hand?

Now pour out all your pestilence of wealth,

The tide of gold

In Phlegethonian volume swift be roll'd,—

Ye cannot harm the nation's moral health.

Whilom methought the land was livid green,

The flower of Freedom 'neath the lurid cloud

Like Beauty in her shroud ;

It seem'd as though the happiest hour had been,

I traced the symptoms of a slow decay—

When lo! the morning ray

Of Truth broke forth, and in the purple hue

The fading flower look'd like a rosebud new,

And all the uplands danced with living dew.

Thank God! my country, thou art sane at heart ;

Arouse, be bold, pluck off that bloated wen

Which saps thy strength, nor heed a passing smart ;

Thy vigor then

Shall be like the young oak upon the hills,

On whose green head the constant dew distils,

The constant sunbeam smiles, and shower descends  
Till less and less with every blast it bends,  
Sturdier and sturdier till it mock  
The utmost fury of the tempest's shock :  
Yea, England, be thou such, an oak upon a rock !

And thou, beloved Sister-Isle,  
Fair Erin ! thou too shalt be blest—  
Yes, through thy tears I see thee smile,  
At length reposing on our Mother's breast.  
Blood-drops thy sons have sweat of sorrow  
Beneath accursed British sway,  
Save when some falseheart child would borrow  
The iron scourge, and fierce repay  
The injury, yet not repairing,  
The wrong we did thee still outdaring.  
Albion her felon progeny disowns—  
Ay, would forget thy demon-son,  
That so the hearts of tyrants won,  
Though yet the land for his dark treasons groans.

O! as thou hast been very dear,  
Nor felt a wo but wrung a tear,  
Look up, sweet Sister-Isle,—forgive!  
The hour of Albion's happiness is thine,  
The self-same Heaven doth on either shine—  
Look up, and live!  
Albion and Erin hence shall be  
So knit in holy amity,  
That they shall gain the wide world's love;  
The Islands of the Blest shall seem—  
As in phantastic poet's dream—  
On the green sea descended from above.

Weep, sons of Mammon, weep!  
Fling, fling your shekels to the deep!—  
The golden gyves no more shall hold:  
The truth-emancipated mind is bold  
And strong as Samson in his hour of might;  
No earthly hand can fetter conscious right.

Charm'd with a fair Dalilah's smile,  
Enraptured with Corruption's wile,  
The Briton long in dalliance lay,  
While the base harlot stole his strength away.  
They bound his sight—his strength lay in his eyes—  
For men are strong and free but as they're wise—  
Yes, tyrants! ye would blind,  
Ye would put out the vision of the mind!—  
Ye bound the Briton thus, and ground him sore;  
And at his dungeon-door  
Sat safe, and laugh'd to hear his heavy sighs.  
And then, in evil hour,  
Ye would make merry with him in your pride—  
He comes—ye wot not he hath gain'd his power,  
He feels again Truth's sun-light in full tide:  
Deride—deride,  
By Heaven, ye fall, your idol, and his tower!

On Albion's height o'er the glad sea  
Is Freedom's standard wide unfurl'd,

Amid the plaudits of the world,  
How gallantly!  
And hark! America and Gaul  
As with a patriot summons call,  
To quit on yon accursed race  
The fathers' crimes, and purge the state's disgrace.  
And O! what bosom not aspires  
With one strong patriot blow,  
To avenge the doings of the sires,  
And lay the children low!  
And we will strike a right home stroke  
With arms of iron, and hearts of oak—  
Behold the signal given!  
WILLIAM! thy courage thrills the land;  
Myriads in patriot phalanx grand  
At thy loud call, from hill and dale,  
Come rushing like the Northern gale  
From the fierce wintry heaven;  
Hosts upon hosts, in panoply  
Of stern unbending loyalty,

Before whom every enemy  
Must be like snow-flake driven.

Raise up the shout, ye patriot hosts,  
Raise up the joyous shout,  
Let it reverberate the Isles throughout!  
I see the foes like trembling ghosts  
Haunting the ruins of their glory—  
Yea, they are goblins of some hideous story,  
Already number'd with the dead;  
No more a mighty empire's dread,  
Corruption's monster is a tale  
To turn the infant wonderer pale.  
Where are the oligarchal throng  
Who claim'd to rule by right of wrong—  
Where are they?—Tell me where are they  
Who claim'd by right divine to sway;  
Where they who claim'd authority  
To rack and burn out heresy;

Where they who argued sovereign right  
Was well approved by sovereign might?  
All in the wake of Reason dim,  
Among the monstrous, strange and grim,—  
Reason that marches on sublime  
Almost coeval with the speed of Time ;  
That lingers not at Custom's stilly cave,  
Lull'd with the murmurs of the sluggish wave,  
Nor where the Syren Passions sing their song ;  
But stern and strong,  
Holds with the bounding billow swift along.

Send up the shout of jubilee  
First for a Patriot King,  
So fondly that round Freedom's darling tree,  
The Island Oak, did cling.  
In vain beset by specious foes,  
Smooth-faced and silver-spoken ;  
He saw the fraud—his ire arose  
The spell of cant was broken.



Away, false counsellors, away !  
Abash'd they fly in sore dismay,  
Court-craftsmen in their cunning grey,—  
The serpent-brood that in the breast  
Of Royalty so long had fix'd its nest,  
And so the fount of empire had imbued,  
That every stream was black with turpitude.  
—And lo ! a council good as wise,  
Soon, at the gracious monarch's call,  
Are seated in the imperial hall,  
Men such as rare an age supplies.  
Well worthy king of such a noble band,  
The band well worthy such a king's command !  
Yea, let the welkin ring  
With shouts as well for Council as for King !  
Oh, beautiful will be the historic page  
Of William, Brougham, Grey, Russell, Althorpe, telling !  
Hence many a day shall that bright spot engage  
Ingenuous youth, his heart with rapture swelling :

Ay, as ourselves have felt to read the tale  
Of ancient worthies, shall our children feel  
To read of these; *their* privilege to hail  
The day of Patriot Kings, not clad in steel,  
Redoubted Warriors, but enthroned in love,  
Whose emblems are the Serpent and the Dove!

And now unto the King of Kings,  
The Majesty on high,  
Lift up your voices, freemen of the Isles!  
To Him that in his own good season brings  
The clouds and tempests, and the sunny sky,  
Whose frowns are clouded smiles;  
To Him that regulates all earthly things  
By sovereign wisdom, power, benevolence;—  
Avenging sin and fostering innocence  
By means full often secret and unknown,  
Even as he saps the rock and shields wild flower;  
Yet often working by impetuous power—

Successive bolts of ire convulse the zone,  
'Tis Terror seated on a thunder throne.

God fires the soul with flame  
That prompts to doings of tremendous fame—  
Propels unto Ambition's awful game ;  
Raises his Cyruses, his Cesars, then  
His Cromwells and Napoleons, giant men,  
Like iron links in the eternal chain !

Then in train  
His Catos, Hampdens, Washingtons, unfold  
Their links of sterling gold !

His Numas, Alfreds, and (oh favor'd land !)

His Williams now, succeed in their due time,  
Links that alone in brilliant order stand :

The dread and the sublime  
Yielding at length to the august and bland ;  
The need and providence for ever one :

Your choral anthem till the deep resound !

Let every freeman raise his filial eye,  
Throughout the Earth, in limb or loose or bound,  
In pious gratitude,

To Him that listens to the captive's sigh,  
Whose smile no dungeon bulwark can preclude,  
Who wakes the patriot's aim, nerves patriot's arm,  
Thrills the presumptuous tyrant with alarm—

Yea, hurls into the dust,  
When states grow worthy Freedom's hallow'd trust.

Rejoice, all Earth !  
The hour of Britain's joy, Truth's second birth.  
Look up, O ye that in dark sorrow lie,

Rouse, ye that sadly dream !  
Through the bright portals of the orient sky  
Hope's light is bursting in a rosy stream.

It comes, the golden hour,  
When a fair bud from Freedom's sacred flower  
Shall bloom in every land as native bower.

**Rejoice, O Man !**

**It comes, the day for which thy life began,**

**From the wild storm of ages, Time's fierce night,**

**Emerging sweetly into holy light.**

**For ever then, let every heart accord**

**The love and might and wisdom of the Sovereign Lord!**

***June, 1831.***

**NOTES**

**TO**

**THE SONG OF ALBION.**



## NOTES.

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### *Note 1—Page 5.*

As other night of Empire 'gan to lower.

The last moments of the great Niebuhr (who died at the period of the late French Revolution) were embittered with the thought that the world was on the eve of an era similar to the decline of Rome. With sagacity to discern the prognostics of revolution, in the gloom of disease the convulsion that was to be of revival, presented the symptoms of ruin.

### *Note 2—Pages 13, 14.*

Where bluff Tintagel, grim and hoar,  
&c.

There is but just sufficient remaining of this stronghold of the British king, to tell how formidable it once was. Its site is very imposing—like an eyry impending over the sea. All the scenery of this part of the Cornish coast is of a boldness approaching to the grand. The localities which I have last mentioned are very remarkable. After long winding down a deep craggy ravine, at a sudden turn



the huge Gull-Rock bursts most unexpectedly upon you, and you stand on the broad sand of Trebarwith, beneath the high projecting cliffs, that resound to the billows rolling at your feet. I visited these scenes with my narrative companion, when the desolation of winter was added to the waste of Time: the ridgy steep was mantled with snow, and decked with icicles; the gulls were screaming around us as if homeless; and the ruin stood forlorn upon its gloomy hill. But for the recollections fresh in our minds of Cornish hospitality, we might have fancied ourselves abandoned on some desert coast; it was indeed a most desolate place.

*Note 3—Page 15.*

O'er captive Thought.

It was a saying of Alfred, that the thoughts of Englishmen should be as free as air.

*Note 4—Page 16.*

But who, so dark, to Albion's coast,  
Like ocean-storm, advances?

The reader may be reminded of the fine description of Carthon in Ossian:—"Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud? Death is trembling in his hand! his eyes are flames of fire!"

*Note 5—Pages 17, 18.*

.1

They bow, the scions of the oak !

'Tis fix'd—the iron Feudal yoke

Infolds the abject state;

&c.

If it is the constant aim of the elegant Blackstone to soften all that is anomalous and harsh in the history of the Constitution, which he would have us esteem so fair and faultless, there is a sad graphic fidelity in the following passage. Referring to the era in question, he says, “The nation at this period seems to have groaned under as absolute a slavery, as it was in the power of a warlike, an ambitious, and a politic prince to create. The consciences of men were enslaved by four ecclesiastics, devoted to a foreign power, and unconnected with the civil state under which they lived.” “The laws too, as well as the prayers, were administered in an unknown tongue. The ancient trial by jury gave way to the impious decision by battle. The forest laws totally restrained all rural pleasures and manly recreations. And in cities and towns the case was no better; all company being obliged to disperse, and fire and candle to be extinguished, by eight at night, at the sound of

the melancholy curfew." After dwelling upon the grievances of the military tenures, he proceeds: "Trade, or foreign merchandize, such as it then was, was carried on by the Jews and Lombards, and the name of an English fleet, which King Edgar had rendered so formidable, was utterly unknown in Europe: the nation consisting wholly of the clergy, who were also the lawyers; the barons, or great lords of the land; the knights, or soldiery, who were the subordinate land-holders; and the burghers, or inferior tradesmen, who from their insignificancy happily retained in their soccage and burgage tenure, some points of their ancient freedom. All the rest were villains or bondsmen."

*Note 6—Page 18.*

The blaze of chivalrous emprise  
Is like the lightning's flashes;  
    &c. &c.  
It lays the world in ashes!

Another, and indeed juster, turn of comparison has been given:—

    " Heaven's flashes  
Spare, or smite rarely—man's make millions ashes."

DON JUAN.

*Note 7—Page 19.*

Brave Robin Hood! right honest heart  
And patriot, robber as thou art—

“The name of Robin Hood, if duly conjured with, should raise a spirit as soon as that of Rob Roy; and the patriots of England deserve no less their renown in our modern circles, than the Bruces and Wallaces of Caledonia. If the scenery of the south be less romantic and sublime than that of the northern mountains, it must be allowed to possess in the same proportion superior softness and beauty; and upon the whole, we feel ourselves entitled to exclaim with the patriotic Syrian—‘Are not Pharpar and Abana, rivers of Damascus, better than all the rivers of Israel!’”

*Dedicatory Epistle, IVANHOE.*

*Note 8—Pages 20, 21.*

Hast ne’er of William Longbeard heard,  
&c. &c.

William, ironically surnamed Longbeard, from his beard, which he had let grow in imitation of his ancestors since the Conquest, from hatred and disdain for the Normans,

was one of the few English, who by dint of industry and public worth, had as yet raised themselves to the municipal council of London. He was alike conspicuous for his talents and his virtues : he acquainted himself with the Norman laws, in order to become the advocate of the oppressed. He won the hallowed title of defender of the poor. But his patriotism was readily construed into sedition by the minions of misrule ; and he was accused of inflaming the multitude with an inordinate desire of liberty and happiness.—The municipal council, in the year 1196, threatening extraordinary imposition on the lower people, in order to ease themselves of the king's taxes, William Longbeard stood forth almost alone against the injustice. They call him traitor to the king ; he retorts the charge of treason, and declares that he will himself denounce them to the king. He crosses the sea, hastens to Richard's camp, and on his knees beseeches peace and protection for the people. A vague promise is the sole reward of his importunity.

Enraged at this boldness, the Norman authorities of London forbade that any commoner should quit the town, on pain of imprisonment as a traitor to the king and kingdom. The ordinance was infringed, the penalty inflicted ; when an association, much in the manner of modern instances, was formed for the advancement and security of

public freedom. Longbeard's harangues for a while held it together; but the counter addresses, the threats and artifices of the king's functionaries, struck fear into the pusillanimous, and soon dismembered the union. The orator was waylaid; and at length compelled by the soldiery to take refuge, with a few staunch followers, in the tower of St. Mary de l'Arche. Hence they were quickly forced, and all taken captive. Longbeard received a stab in his belly; and in this wounded state, was dragged at the tail of a horse through the streets of London to the Tower, to receive condemnation, and then to the place of execution; where, with his companions, all of English birth, he was hanged. "And thus," says an old historian, "perished William Longbeard, for embracing the cause of the poor, and the defence of truth. If the cause makes the martyr, no one can more justly be called a martyr than he."

For particulars of the foregoing incidents, vide *Thierry's Norman Conquest*, Book 9. vol. 3.; and *passim* for most interesting details of early English patriotism, either unnoticed, or misrepresented, by our own time-serving aristocratic historians.

*Note 9—Page 23.*

The Poitevin must be suppress'd,  
&c.

Vide *Thierry's Norman Conquest*, sect. 5. vol. 3.; where it will appear that the anger excited in the Norman barons by the king's preference of the ingratiating strangers was the main cause of *magna charta*. The townspeople and serfs complained of another and more vexatious tyranny in the new-comers, and declared for the standard of revolt reared by the barons. Hence the first sympathy between the English people and the descendants of their conquerors.

*Note 10—Page 25.*

If Lion-Heart no longer be  
Man's pest, though pride of chivalry :

We have seen Richard heedless of the claims of his oppressed subjects, when urged by Longbeard; and as to his knightly character, in spite of the romance with which his name has been invested, especially by the great modern

novelist, many will, I believe, coincide with the observation of Gibbon, that "if heroism be confined to brutal and ferocious valor, Richard Plantagenet will stand high among the heroes of the age."

*Note 11—Pages 26, 27.*

Of him the recreant Walworth slew,  
    &c.

In our admiration of the Russells and the Sidneys, we may have forgotten the true authors of English liberty. The sturdy spirit of popular independence fostered by the Saxon institutions, has been the basis and the bulwark of our freedom—the patriotism of our nobles but as the lighter columns, the decorations rather than the pillars, of the grand structure.

The character of Wat Tyler needs now but little vindication: Mr. Southey's drama of that name will be readily admitted to be not less historically true, than poetically beautiful. Should any be inclined to asperse the memory of Cade, for his justification it is almost only necessary to remember the character of Queen Margaret's favorite, William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, admittedly one of the worst of



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*Albion's many prodigate state-ministers. We must not  
 here Shakespeare for historian.  
 And here it is impossible not to wonder at the resolute  
 and independent spirit of the English lower class,—the  
 peasantry in particular,—from age to age, and even until  
 now, so signally manifested. This hereditary quality is too  
 noble to play with: slow to anger, its indignation is ter-  
 rible: accursed be the rulers that would aggravate it! An  
 infusion of the same spirit, tempered by wisdom, produced  
 a Hampden, a Milton, a Locke: in these it was as the  
 rough gold refined, sterling and beautiful.*

*Note 12—Page 28.*

Like the old man of Capreæ's isle.

There is a striking resemblance between the dreadful Tiberius and Henry the Eighth in his declining years, though very greatly to the advantage of the latter. In like manner, their respective favorites, Sejanus and Wolsey, coincide in character as well as fate.

*Note 13—Page 30.*

We hail the dawn of better days,

&c.

I speak of the glory of Elizabeth rather because of the great national dignity which England acquired under her dominion, than of her virtues as a woman and a queen. But still the verse may be too eulogistic; the truth perhaps lies between the extreme admiration of some, and the blunt decision of Cobbett, that she was the worst woman that ever lived, Jezebel herself not excepted.

*Note 14—Pages 30, 31.*

And there was one, illustrious sage,

&c. &c.

Except in moral and political character, the striking parallel between Lord Chancellor Bacon and Lord Chancellor Brougham, must have occurred to every mind. A parallel in patriotism may be instituted between the latter and Sir Edward Coke. Is it too much to say, that what Coke wanted in literature, and Bacon in virtue, is to be met with in Brougham?

*Note 15—Page 39.*

Oh ! charge ye not on the Parental Isle  
The unrivall'd horrors of her statesmen's guile !

Scalping !—German butchers !—“ What the wisdom of Agar wished, the inhabitants of Wyoming enjoyed—they had neither Riches nor Poverty : their climate was soft and salubrious, and their fertile soil asked of these blissful settlers as much labor only for their sustenance, as would have been otherwise convenient for their health. The Fiend, whose crime was Ambition, leapt over into this Paradise—Hell-hounds laid it waste. *English* Generals invited the Indians ‘to banquet on blood :’ the savage Indians, headed by an Englishman, attacked it. Universal Massacre ensued. The Houses were destroyed : the Corn Fields burnt : and where under the broad Maple trees innocent children used to play at noontide, there the Drinkers of human Blood, and the Feasters on human Flesh were seen in horrid circles, counting their scalps and anticipating their gains. The English Court bought Scalps at a fixed price !”—*Coleridge's Conciones ad Populum.*

The employment of the German mercenaries, or, rather, forced auxiliaries, was attended with scarcely less enormity; torn from their homes to be the tools of crime.

“ Each petty German Princeling, nursed in gore!  
Soul-harden’d barterers of human blood!  
Death’s prime Slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate!”

*Coleridge’s Religious Musings.*

To this extract the following note is appended:—

“The Father of the present Prince of Hesse Cassel supported himself and his strumpets at Paris by the vast sums which he received from the British Government during the American war for the flesh of his subjects.”

Gracious God! that thou visitest not the sins of the fathers upon the children’s heads! But it cannot be that our fathers were guilty of these abominations; though their not interfering to prevent them, would almost inculpate as accessory. Rather consider the eloquent Chatham to have spoken the sentiments of the people, and these enormities to have been the doings of an accursed oligarchy; and, thank Heaven, that, if there be virtue in the state, it will now have a voice which must be obeyed!

*Note 16—Page 41.*

And England—yes, weep, Britons! for your sires,  
&c. &c.

See Coleridge's *Conciones ad Populum*, particularly the second address. These were delivered, as he tells us in his preface, when he thought it was *not* the "time to keep silence;" when he declared that "Truth should be spoken at all times, but more especially at those times when to speak Truth is dangerous." It is but to be lamented that this splendid apostle so soon ceased to fulminate his glorious gospel. While a party is attempting to check the salutary revolution progressing by the power of opinion in this country, by inveighing against the horrors of the first French Revolution, it may not be amiss to refer to what one—a contemporary, if not an associate—thought, when the circumstances were transpiring in dreadful reality. In him a Robespierre could find an apologist! "France, (he exclaimed,) whose crimes and miseries posterity will impute to us!" "They have trode the wine-press alone, and of the nations there was none with them. They looked and there was none to help; they *wondered* that there was none to uphold. Therefore their own arm brought salvation unto them, and their FURY it upheld them."

*Note 17—Page 42.*

Apostate counsellor,  
Base son of Freedom's champion orator.

Son more unlike sire never was. Burke was terrible to regard, Pitt was terrible to feel: the one was all *mouth*, the other all *mischief*. Take the opinion of one, whose judgment is not apt to be called in question. In reference to his policy, the author in allusion exclaims—"But it is needless any further to expose the effrontery, or detect the sophistry of this shameless apostate. The character of Pitt is written in sunbeams. A veteran in fraud, while in the bloom of youth, betraying first, and then persecuting his earliest friends and connections, falsifying every promise, and violating every political engagement, ever making the fairest professions a prelude to the darkest actions, punishing with the utmost rigor the publisher of the identical paper he himself had circulated, are traits in the conduct of Pitt, which entitle him to a fatal preeminence in guilt. The qualities of this man balance in an extraordinary manner, and sustain each other: the influence of his station, the extent of his enormities, invests with a kind of splendor, and the contempt we feel for his meanness and duplicity, is lost in the dread of his machinations, and the abhorrence

of his crimes. Too long has he insulted the patience of his countrymen; nor ought we, when we observe the indifference with which the iniquities of Pitt's administration are viewed, to reproach the Romans for tamely submitting to the tyranny of Caligula and Domitian."—*Robert Hall's Apology for the Liberty of the Press, &c.*

*Note 18—Page 47.*

And the young WILLIAM sails beneath the flag.

It was after a celebrated exploit, the taking of Admiral Langara's fleet by the squadron of Rodney, to which his present Majesty was then attached in the character of a midshipman, that the following incident is related to have occurred.

"The Spanish Admiral, Don Juan Langara, one morning visited Admiral Digby, to whose charge the young prince was intrusted, and Don Langara was of course introduced to his Royal Highness. During the conference between the Admirals, Prince William retired; and when it was intimated that Don Juan wished to return, his Royal Highness appeared in his character of midshipman, and respectfully informed the Admiral that the boat was ready.

**The Spaniard, astonished to see the son of a monarch acting as a petty officer, immediately exclaimed, ‘ Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea, when the humblest stations in her navy are supported by princes of the blood.’ ”—*Drinkwater’s History of the Siege of Gibraltar.***

*Note 19—Page 47.*

**From Cressy’s field to Albuera’s height.**

**Public attention has been more than once directed to Colonel Napier’s glowing description of the battle of Albuera: \* on that occasion indeed “ was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights.”—*Vide History of the Peninsular War, Vol. 3. Book 12.***

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\* With no less taste than effect was the passage quoted by *The Times* a few months since, in allusion to the grand measure of Reform.



*Note 22—Page 57.*

Atreus-like

Why didst not rise to be avenged, when

The Briton feasted high, and horror-strike

The foe at his Thyestean banquet?

The dreadful issue of the French Revolution, so fatal to its leaders, was said to be a signal manifestation of Divine vengeance: still might the genius of France, from the depth of degradation and agony, have groaned forth an impious exultation at the miseries of its victorious enemies; as in an old French drama, which makes the unnatural banquet in allusion to conclude with the vengeance of the gods upon Atreus, while he exclaims in horrid ecstasy—"Thunder, ye powerless Gods, I am avenged!"

*Note 23—Pages 57, 58.*

The captive to the sea-gale sigh'd,

&c. &c.

To pity the hero in captivity, is not to have admired the despot in the heyday of his ambition.

I have elsewhere said—

“Great Cæsar died—but this man lived to feel,  
To gaze on bolts no rescue should unlock,  
To endure a wound no time, no balm should heal,  
And die invidious of the Roman’s murderous steel.”\*

Upon his bleak dungeon rock, Napoleon might have  
envied the exiled Marius, musing amid the ruins of Car-  
thage; the destitution of the warrior and the desolation of  
the city mutually consolatory.

Idem pelago delatus iniquo  
Hostilem in terram, vacuisque Mapalibus actus,  
Nuda triumphati jacuit per regna Jugurthæ,  
Et Pænos pressit cineres; solatia fati  
Carthago, Mariusque, tulit; pariterque jacentes,  
Ignovère Deis.

LUCAN. PHARSALIA.

---

\* Lay of the Desert.

*Note 24—Page 58.*

Over that royal lady's bier  
Britannia like a mother wept ;—  
But when in death the father slept,  
E'en Fashion sigh'd not—Folly shed no tear.

The apathy in the one case was not less remarkable than the extreme sympathy in the other. If once apt to be dazzled by the vices of princes, and silenced to approval by the terrors of power, the people has at length attained a solemn and daring consistency in its feelings and judgments, not to be despised ; it has grown up to be an accuser before whose decisions the haughtiest must tremble, the mightiest must bow. It may no longer be said—

“ *Componitur orbis  
Regis ad exemplum ; nec sic inflectere sensus  
Humanos edicta valent, ut vita regentis ;  
Mobile mutatur cum principe vulgus.* ”

*Note 25—Page 59.*

Freedom huzza'd when WILLIAM rose.

This will bring to mind the fine line of Campbell, by which it was probably suggested—

“ And Freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell.”

*Note 26—Page 60.*

Britannia's Brougham.

I presumed to eulogize this great man, when one of the features of his glory was, that he had resisted all the overtures of power.\* What an accession is it to the lustre of his fame, that his uncompromising principles should have won the sanction of supreme authority, and made him the champion of an enlightened government!—“ *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*”—true; but happy they, who are “the light of the world,” like “a city set on a hill that cannot be hid.”

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\* Lay of the Desert.

*Note 27—Page 61.*

Albion! thy hour of triumph came  
With a reviving world;  
Gallia arose—

The French Revolution of July, 1830, was grand as rapid; and if as yet comparatively abortive in its consequences, it was sublime and effective in its beginning.

It is the fashion with some to attempt to stigmatize the workings of public opinion in this country at this time, by attributing them to the political convulsions on the Continent. That they have been promoted thereby, will not be denied, but rather gratefully acknowledged.

France by her memorable achievement has wrought more for the freedom of Europe, than the utmost that her mighty chieftain can be supposed to have done against it. He pounded in the iron fabric of old misrule, in order to erect his throne upon the ruins: the men of July, when the huge pile was again cementing, shook it so to its foundation, that it must continue to moulder away till not a trace of its proud bulwarks remains.

*Note 28—Page 64.*

Hold on—work out thine own release.

Yes, none will be likely to assist the holy struggle;—no, not even the Holy Alliance,—that blest junto of the Fathers of the world !\*

Alas ! the principle of political non-intervention is too late, and yet too soon, acknowledged. England was hasty to counteract the first French Revolution, and France to repress the patriots of Spain ; but Greece, Poland, and Italy, must work out their own salvation. The horrors already perpetrated by the miscreants of the praise-God demon of Russia, might be forcibly dwelt upon, but that they suggest too painful a parallel—the enormities attending the American Revolution. Does not the tyrant shud-

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\* The stanza which occasioned the above note was composed when the successes of the Polish arms encouraged the most brilliant anticipations : in another part of this volume will be found stanzas in mournful commemoration of the reverses since experienced.

der at sounds of desolation, at the groans of the dying, and  
the lament of the bereaved? He

“ Sits amid the gaudy herd  
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,  
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,  
And says within himself, ‘ I am a king,  
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe  
Intrude upon mine ear ? ”

AKENSIDE.

*Note 29—Page 72.*

It like a fatal cincture girt the Isle,  
The dark undoing of the mighty one.

The allusion is to the poisoned vest of Hercules ; and it  
is perhaps the more justified, that England was almost still  
in the flush of her triumphs—

“ As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown’d  
With conquest, felt th’ envenom’d robe.”

*Note 30—Page 75.*

**Huge Oligarchy.**

**In plain English—Boroughmongery ; an expression the Muse may not utter.**

**There is something sublimely terrible about the tyrannies of Greece and Rome ; but, however formidable to liberty, the oligarchy of England seems peculiarly contemptible : a Duke of So-and-so and a Sir Robert Such-a-one, if not less fatal in their insidious influence, would make but a Tom Thumb sort of figure by the side of a Philip, a Scylla, a Nero, in their stark gigantic despotism. We laugh while we groan : ours has been a most ludicrous tyranny.**

**END OF THE NOTES.**





**MINOR POEMS.**



## ON THE FALL OF WARSAW.

---

THE JOY OF THE HARP CEASETH.

ISAIAH.

---

OH RUSS! thou Man of Blood!  
Art yet not gorged with the crimson flood?  
Now take thy fill of massacre, slay *all*,  
Thou Tyger-King! nor leave a sucking child—  
’Tis rebel flesh—the cub will soon run wild.  
What! wouldst now stay the sword, at Mercy’s call?  
Say, can the blade of *Murder* be defiled?  
Slay on—rape on—rob on, and never spare,  
Glut all thy longings, none shall cry—Beware!

Why does the cold sweat start upon thy brow?

What! tremblest now,

And deaf ~~so~~ long to millions' execration?

Dost shrink to fill the *full* cup of damnation?

Achillean Tyrant! fear'st Truth's arrowy steel,

Though in Hell's wave baptized to the heel?

Finish thy work!

Is the sword weighty? use the lighter dirk—

Women, old men, and children, are weak foes—

See, they come willing to the lagging blows!

Well done,

Thou faithful servant of the Wicked One!

The patriots' groans, the wild maternal yell,

The shrieks of Beauty, thy devotion tell.

Now o'er the deluge let the flames arise,

The steaming gore ascend in sacrifice

To Russia's God, most welcome and most sweet;

Whose mercy-seat

Is stablish'd on a desolated world,  
Whose loving mandates are in sky-bolts hurl'd:  
Enslave, rape, massacre, and sack, and burn,  
The great commandments,—which obey'd will earn  
Sublimest favor. And well kept, I ween,  
Have they by Calmuck and by Cossack been;  
Suwarrow, Diebitsch, Paskewitsch, rare three!  
In zeal transcending all enormity:  
Imperial bosoms nurse the faithful flame,  
A Nicholas outvies a Catherine's fame.

Warsaw hath fall'n—not to the Despot's bribes—  
For Polish mother bears no traitor son;  
The streaming trenches say how hardly won—  
Yielded to the unpeopled empire's tribes.  
Warsaw hath fall'n—but many a Pole yet lives,  
His bosom throbbing with unwonted fire,  
Compatriot blood like oil unto his ire;—  
Revenge they vow—revenge Heav'n not forgives,

But wills,—that doth of right to man belong;

'Tis Man's to slay the slayer—

Therefore let vengeance dedicate the prayer,  
And holy wrath impassionate the song!

Warsaw hath fall'n—let tears of blood gush forth

For all the illustrious dead, yet chief for those

That live to witness their dear country's woes,

Wide traversed by the bandits of the North.

Oh! who shall paint the color of their crimes,

Deep as the darkest of barbaric times!

Sin laughs exultant; Freedom, Virtue, weep,

And Nature's trembling harp doth Horror sweep.

—Methought I stood upon a lofty hill,

Close by the Fount of Grief,

Whose inner trouble sought a wild relief

In many a plenteous overflowing rill:

And then I heard the streams in cataract roar

Through silent vales down to the far sea-shore,

In floods of anger swelling evermore.

—Was it a dream?

Not so can this fond hoping bosom deem:

The lands awake

To vengeance for unhappy Poland's sake;

We feel, we feel,

Our tears glance brightly from our glowing steel.

But ah! too high for us the avenger's task,

So slow to yield, what thou too great to ask;

Poland! 'tis thine to be a second Greece,

Nor trust in faithless strangers for release.

Was it a direful drama that we saw,

A thing wrought out by histrionic law,

All mimic horror, all ideal crime—

The enacted fancies of some thought sublime,

Which we as passive critics sat beholding;

Yielding our bravos to the plot's unfolding;

Weeping, perchance, to feel the power of art,

But calm to note each actor in his part?



Sure all a fiction, that deep tragedy,  
We so quiescent in our sympathy!  
Briton and Frank are arbiters of taste  
In these grand things, these patriotic plays:  
As to a theatre behold they haste,  
On the soul-stirring spectacles to gaze;  
They shout, they clap their hands, to see the weak  
Rise on the strong, the slave against the lord;  
They urge the brave man naked on the sword,  
Then groan to see his mettle life-blood reek!

But hush, imbitter'd Muse!  
Glory in many a Gallic, British breast,  
As in a golden urn of life, renews  
The flame of spirits now among the Blest,—  
The holy fervor of heroic times,  
The vivid passion of more sunny climes.  
But oh, the policy of these dull days,  
That so would trim the Heav'n-enkindled blaze!

Alas, the phlegm of these cold latitudes,  
That rarely quickens but in selfish feuds !  
Oh, hard expediency of human things,  
That tethers Virtue to ignoble space ;  
That clips young Generosity's wild wings,  
Checks forward Courage to a timid pace !  
Arouse, intrepid souls !  
Your noon is when the loudest thunder rolls ;  
Patriots of many lands,  
Ye sons of ardor, hearts should quicken hands !  
Haste to the Holy War—the Impious reigns  
Amid Sarmatia's crimson-color'd plains,  
Sarmatia's clouds are dipt as in the dye ;  
Revenge—revenge ! the cry,  
From Earth to Heav'n, and earthward from the sky.

Say, shall we now—as in the days of Eld,  
When, Greece o'er-run with Persia's countless hordes,  
Great Athens fell, while Sparta calm beheld—  
Like the slow Spartans, *now* unsheathe our swords,

And rush as to Platea, when the land  
Is waste, and dead in almost all but name?

Alone let Poland stand!


Transcending Athens in immortal fame:  
Her name shall vivify the weltering earth,  
And patriots spring up into second birth.

Proud Despot! know,  
Athens was Athens, though her walls lay low;

And Rome was Rome,

Despite the Gaul: the patriot hath his home

In his own heart—his bosom is his tower,

 to the flame, impregnable to power.

So Poland will be Poland still, though prone

Yon glorious battlements in dust o'erthrown.

Ay; and as Athens is, and will be still,

Great Athens on her desolated hill;

So Warsaw will be Warsaw in her fall,

Shouldst thou, Destroyer! sap her inmost wall:

**Thou darest not tarry there—the very soil  
Beneath a tyrant's footstep would recoil.  
Wouldst seem to exult above the prostrate foe ?  
    'Tis thou art vanquish'd in thy victory—  
    Captive to conscience, groaning inwardly ;  
Thine is the death—thy *soul* hath felt the blow ;  
And eagerly wouldst thou thy throne resign—  
A thousand thrones, so yon mean corse were thine.**

**God's vengeance sleeps not, although man's may slumber :  
Falls not a sparrow but his eye doth number ;  
And shall not Poland's patriot martyrs be  
Recorded in his righteous memory ?  
Methought I saw God's ire but now display'd,  
When, not by musket, or by battle-blade,  
The Satrap brother of the Arch-Despot fell—  
Hurried by Pest untimely to his hell :  
And when anon expired the vassal chief,  
Victim of Pest, or suicidal grief—**

In green despair, so long the partner

Should foil his arm, with myriad force invested ;  
Or by Heaven's hand, while, as the midnight dew  
Mix'd with the blood, he held his revelry,  
Or, thoughtful, plann'd some fresh enormity,—  
Sudden arrested.

Think not, O Titan of the North ! thy strength  
Shall thwart high Heav'n, nor be subdued at length ;  
In truth, thou seemest not so mighty now,  
The clouds have parted from thy dogged brow.  
When late we saw thy vaunted hero spring  
O'er the high Balkan, as on eagle's wing,  
In the deep mountain echoes there was sound  
Of chains dragg'd upwards, tethering to the ground.  
Russia was proud the feeble Turk should fall !  
From that strange height her earth-born genius dream'd  
Of empire where perpetual summer beam'd,  
Of time when all

The isles should bow amid the chainless sea.

Wrapt in the visions of fatuity,

The greedy eye gluts on the ideal feast—

When Poland wakes to Freedom's grand alarms!

The tocsin sounds within old Warsaw's walls—

To arms! to arms!

A wandering voice through all Sarmatia calls.

Then the vain-glorious despot, like the Beast

Of Blasphemy proclaim'd in Sacred page,

Thrill'd all the nations with his impious rage;

Invoking Heaven, while he summon'd Hell,

Te-Deums bursting into battle-yell.

See, Grim Oppression and cadaverous Pest

In fond and fit alliance march abreast,

*That* clad in shroud, and *this* in dazzling mail!

Oh, what shall Freedom's heav'n-born strength avail!

The fetid breath

Of Pest destroys, where fails the sword of death.

But Pest is faithless, on her fell ally  
Oft rolling round her yellow fever'd eye;  
And many a Russ, war-scatless, to her lust  
Falls victim, and convulsive bites the dust.  
Oppression scowls, yet shudders at the sight,  
But needs her treacherous auxiliar's might.  
Freedom, the child of Immortality,  
Shrinks not a pace from the unequal fray;  
How glorious beams her sacred armory!  
Around her brows what verdant laurels play,  
Gather'd from Virtue's undecaying bowers!  
Not Pallas ever, in Homeric strain,  
Seem'd with her Greeks so grand on Troja's plain,  
As Freedom with her Poles by Praga's towers.  
Oppression staggers, and is fain to yield;  
Pest will not quit the field,  
But turns her ire alike on friend and foe.  
The great Goliath seem'd already low,

To fond imagining ; uprose the shout  
Of patriot jubilee the world throughout.

Alas ! alas !

We slept—we dreamt—the glorious visions pass :  
The winter-storm hath broke our summer sleep,  
We wake to shudder, curse, upbraid and weep.  
The sleep of freemen is a nation's death ;

Then Tyranny upon her ebon wing,  
Like dismal bird of night, wide wandereth,  
And evil sprites their incantations sing.

Patriots of Gaul and Britain ! long shall ye  
Bemoan this fatal, slothful reverie :

Pest, like a pioneer, is levelling on

The dismal way, Oppression at her heels ;  
Poland is low, the barrier seemeth gone—

Already Fear the coming death-blast feels.  
France ! where art *thou* ? rebellion in thy breast,  
Dost think to hush thy nightmare into rest ?  
Action is health to thee,—arouse !—away  
In thine own proper energy, and stay



The dread marauders in their bold advance !  
Regenerate Britain hails regenerate France ;  
The Island's arm of strength all unconfined,  
Strong as the mountain wave, be speedy as the wind.

Poland ! to thee once more my heart returns,  
Bleeding yet glowing at thy matchless fate,  
Surpassing wretched and surpassing great !  
Unquenchable the flame of glory burns—  
For Poland's fame we envy Poland's griefs,  
Her slaughter'd soldiers and her vanquish'd chiefs.  
Is there a wretch so prostitute of soul,  
That would not rather be yon freeborn Pole,  
Lorn fugitive amid his country's waste,  
By whooping Cossacks, human bloodhounds, chased,—  
Than the slave Russ upon his victor-car,  
Rolling in pomp beneath triumphal arch—  
Nay, than the Despot on his throne afar,  
Eyeing his thousands in heroic march ?

Say, is the Despot proud?

He strikes his head, and bites his quivering lip—

Tremble the slaves—he grasps his iron whip—

His champions bow'd

To patriot prowess, oh the deep disgrace!

Green Malice wrinkles o'er his haggard face:

The exhausted empire scarce avail'd to crush

The rebel few—see, see that crimson blush!

Wrath, shame, now merge

In the deep pale of fear—the lightning scourge

Of Heaven is waving, on yon palace towers

The livid light of sovereign vengeance showers.

List, Tyrant! and despair—

Thy name is murmur'd on the hollow air

By mystic voices, calling to thy doom:

And through the Future's dark chaotic womb

Strange echoes to remotest ages bear

The sound of horror with attendant curse.

Down time loud rolls the Imperial Felon's hearse,

And still rolls on, nor finds Oblivion's tomb:

While o'er each patriot's grave—  
All-hallow'd shrine of Fame—celestials fling  
Bright wreaths of amaranth; and hark! they sing  
The glory of the brave,  
Now hush'd their chant by patriot pilgrim's sigh,  
Now swell'd by songs of Earth in jubilant reply.

---

\* “The joy of the harp ceaseth . . . . In the city is left desolation, and the gate is smitten with destruction.” But may we not continue with the prophet?—“When thus it shall be in the midst of the land among the people, there shall be as the shaking of an olive tree, and as the gleaning grapes when the vintage is done. They shall lift up their voice, they shall sing for the majesty of the Lord, they shall cry aloud from the sea.” “The branch of the terrible ones shall be brought low.” The Russ may exult in the boast of his ancestors—“Who can resist God and the great Novogorod?”—but the monarchs of Assyria and Egypt, they and their vaunted deities, where are they? Shall the impious tyrants of antiquity have perished, and those of our days remain with impunity?

CORONATION ODE.

---

PATER URBIUM.

HORAT. CARM.

---

O FOR a crown more bright than gold,  
Than the rich sea can yield, more precious gem—  
In vain would Earth her bosom's pride unfold  
To form our WILLIAM's worthy diadem!

Poor pageant honors—poor at best!  
To charm the dotard, or delight the boy:  
In dazzling pomp would Tyranny be drest,  
And gilds the scourge to seem a pleasing toy.

As is the crown, the sceptre be :  
Who rules with iron, may veil his hideous frown  
In all the splendor of emblazonry ;  
The sway be love, and love should be the crown.

And we will crown thee with our hearts,  
Our hearts' best love, WILLIAM, our Patriot-Sire !  
With purer sheen than skill to gem imparts,  
A gold refined by more than earthly fire.

The Isles are glad this holy day—  
Hark ! the loud chorus of their exultation ;  
Be this, their heart-song, thy inaugural lay,  
This the grand anthem of thy coronation !

And for the royal unction be  
The o'erflowing of the poor man's gratitude ;  
For prayer the pious breathings of the free,  
Our breasts the censers, fresh and fresh renew'd.

Deck'd in the garb of righteousness,  
Then take thy seat upon thy sea-girl throne ;  
Thy power in love, yet revered not the less,  
Our homage, dearer than the vassal's own.

Christian sincerity be ours—  
Thus unto thee, blest Sire, our praise we bring :  
Hypocrisy for fiends and despot powers,  
Truth for paternal kings, as for Heav'n's King !

*Sept. 8, 1831.*

## THE MARINERS' SONG.

---

Sing joy—sing joy ! as in canvass flight  
We skim the mountain seas,  
Blithe o'er the clouds as the birds of light  
When they chant their morning glees.

The waves spring away from the breeze's lash,  
Like shades of the summer sky,  
And wantonly frolick, and gaily splash  
In their sportive ecstasy.

On the snow-white steeds of the deep we ride,  
That so lightly, lightly prance ;  
That tread along with a conscious pride,  
And in glittering ranks advance.

To the sound of music speed we on,  
To the Ocean's mighty band ;  
To the breeze's time keep unison,  
As though to a master's hand.

Huzza ! for the seaman's life—huzza !  
How bold, how brave, how free ;  
The path of danger, but—hurra !  
The path of liberty.

The storm may the web of his hopes disperse,  
But he dwells not on griefs to come,  
Nor heeds though his vessel may prove a hearse  
To bear to the Ocean's tomb.



TO PLEASURE.

---

FLEETING bird of Paradise,  
Rover of the golden wing,  
Pleasure! why for summer skies,  
Ever, ever wandering?

O, rest thee at young Fancy's bower,  
Warble there thy pilgrim lay;  
With the joy of one brief hour  
Life's dark even will be gay.

Speed on then, if thou wilt, sweet bird,  
That all may hear thy melody;  
For though no more the voice be heard,  
'Twill echo in the memory.

Yes, speed thee on—'tis well thy wing  
Rests never in these changeful skies,  
So we hope to hear thee sing  
In thine own bright Paradise.

---

THE FLOWER AND THE FOUNTAIN.

---

“FLOWER!” said the Fountain as it warbled by,  
“I soon shall greet thee from the sunset sky:”  
“Then shall we wed,” replied the loving Flower;  
“Our spousal bed shall be my lady’s bower.”

## SONNET

## TO A SICK FRIEND,

*On her feelings at awaking amid the deep repose of a calm Midsummer  
Sabbath evening.*

---

Woke the faint slumberer—it was Sabbath eve,  
No Sabbath bell upon the woodland pealing,  
But the pale light, like timid angel, stealing  
With voice as when the South-wind scarce may heave  
The gossamers that summer insects weave.  
Hush! 'tis the noon of pensive adoration,  
The hour of Nature's holy dedication :  
All-hallow'd season! Art can ne'er achieve  
Such mastery o'er mind as this blest tide :  
Cathedral tower in religious pride,  
Sound the loud organ and the choral strain,  
Breathe incense, and let Eloquence be heard ;  
Meek Faith would fly the dazzling and the vain,  
And pours her song of praise unseen, like vesper bird

MONODY ON BURNS.

---

HIGH privilege of ardent Poesy

To dedicate the lofty strain of glory!

King, statesman, soldier, claim their eulogy,

And happy he who sings the deathless story.

But higher boon is his, as higher task,

To sound the minstrel's praise whose heart aspires;

King, statesman, soldier, glowing tribute ask,

But poet Poesy's most living fires.

Yea, who of poet sings, must needs be one,

With "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn" be  
gifted;

Wild o'er the lyre with spirit touch should run,

To ecstasy of ecstasy be lifted.

Nay, who can dare to sing a poet's praise,  
Nor catch the mantle of his inspiration?  
To touch a poet's ashes is to blaze  
Almost with Genius' own irradiation.

I strike the lyre—the theme inspire the tone,  
The native strain, alas, indeed unfitting!—  
For one to partial Fortune little known,  
But nobler few in Fame's proud temple sitting.

Oh BURNS! to Scotland's memory sadly dear,  
Name of such strange commingling recollection;  
With beam of high delight, anon the tear  
Brightly enkindling of our dark dejection!

Nursed at the cold hard breast of Penury,  
With bitter milk of self-denial nourish'd,  
Joyous the future pride of Poesy,  
The hardy child of Genius, grew and flourish'd.

Lowly his birth, yet on his fancy's morn  
 Were beams of Heav'n their warmest brilliance flinging,  
 With dews of love,—where all was waste and lorn,  
 The bloomy flowers of promise quick up-springing.

Poor in the world, yet rich in Nature's gift,  
 Mean in condition, but in soul gigantic,  
 Proudly he trod the scanty path of Thrift,  
 And laugh'd at swaggering Wealth, and Fashion's antic.

He fix'd his gaze on gorgeous things above,  
 Then o'er the mountain daisy hung enamor'd;  
 In plume an eagle, but in heart a dove,  
 His joy was where nor Power nor Passion clamor'd.

Thorny his path, the clouds soon darken'd o'er,  
 His vernal hopes untimely winter blighted:—  
 Ah me! the mournful annals of the Poor!  
 Our tears descend where blessings should have lighted!

Yet seem'd his sorrows only cause for song,  
Heaven well knew how to touch his soul's sweet lyre;  
'Twas a rude touch, how poignant and how strong,  
Yet how melodious rang the ethereal wire!

Enraptured, Taste now heard the peasant's strains,  
Favor was pleased, and stretch'd her hand out smiling;  
Joy tuned the chords,—oblivious of his pains,  
Pleasure the bard in her soft lap beguiling.

Oh World! thy praise gratuitous how brief!  
Soon hush'd thy voice of kindness, if not hollow;  
False, fickle World! of all fools is he chief,  
Who, in thy sunshine, thinks not clouds will follow.

So found the bard; soon Fashion's heartless race,  
They who before him had admiring trembled,  
Look'd cold, or turn'd away with blushful face,  
And envious proved, proving their love dissembled.

Then woke the serpent tongue of Calumny,  
Warning the venom which herself had given:—  
Cast from the mansion of Prosperity,  
What if unto excess of passion driven?

What if he sought asylum with the vile?  
Remember ye the wo-worn Galilean:  
Best hearts are found not in the loftiest pile,  
Truth rarely dwells in Fortune's empyrean.

No; I had rather seek my bosom friend  
With vulgar Riot in her wretched hovel,  
Than in the palace of the haughty bend,  
Toad-eater in the dust of shame to grovel.

Poverty wears upon her crown of thorns  
A gem peculiar, Charity's bright jewel,  
That golden Wealth with eye malignant scorns:  
The tender mercies of the proud are cruel.



Blest is the bounty of a vulgar hand,  
A widow's mite outweighs a mountain's treasure;  
The child of Power, with pale finger bland,  
Rivets a chain in his abundant measure.

The silken bondage of dependency  
Was not for BURNS, with heart like ocean swelling,  
Big with all noble thought and sympathy,  
His flood of soul Corruption's lull repelling.

Alone, abandon'd, but in heart yet strong,  
His courage mounted with Fate's adverse billow ;  
And as he struggled, rose the immortal song  
E'en till he slept upon his stormy pillow.

O, rest thee gently, Life's wreck'd mariner,  
A theme for aye of wonder, love, and sorrow ;  
Unheeding none shall pass thy sepulchre,  
Till wakes the wide world to the Judgment-morrow !

SONNET  
TO MY COUSIN.

---

DEAR friends of early days ! whose hearts so fond  
With ours like sister tendrils intertwined ;  
When sadly sever'd, not a look beyond  
Our little world of wo we ventured, blind  
To future providence,—ne'er thought to find  
Affections new in after time resume,  
Like offspring tendrils, the parental bloom,—  
A vernal beauty in the autumnal mind.  
Oh my fair Cousin ! but till now unknown,  
And now so much esteem'd, my gentle friend,  
My Mother's friend, in this our friendship own  
No friendship strange or new—for such soon end ;  
But one revived : true friendship never dies,  
But springs and springs again in spite of stormy skies.

SONG.

---

DANCE, dance, thou ripply stream,  
Emblem of youth-hood's dream,  
Bright—but how rapid!  
Roll, roll, thou dark cold flood,  
Age's similitude,  
Curdling and vapid.

Breathe, breathe, thou summer gale,  
So like to love's soft tale,  
Sweet—but soon over:  
Fly, Arab of the sky,  
Like bliss, fleet swallow, fly,  
Perpetual rover.

Come, come, autumnal tint,  
Like grey hairs with a hint  
Of waste and ruin;  
Let the song of the wintry bird  
Like an old man's voice be heard,  
The past renewing.

## HOPE.

HOPE! blest magician of this gloomy scene,  
With wand as borrow'd from the youthful Day,  
Over the shadowy sky of Fate sweet ray  
Divine suffusing, and bright glimpse between  
The clouds revealing of the realm serene  
Of far Futurity,—kind genius, hail!  
Oh! when high waving o'er Life's dusky vale  
Thy cherub pinions cast their holy sheen,  
What eye so tearful but with rapture kindles,  
What breast so languid but with ardor fires?  
The giant form of mystic Sorrow dwindles,  
And grim Despair with sullen scowl retires;  
A genial smile comes over Earth's sad face,  
And Beauty, Love, and Bliss unfold their timid grace.

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